The Beaver

AUTUMN 1963

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H.M.S. "Plover" and the yacht "Nancy Dawson" in Bering Strait: detail from a water-colour in the B.C. Provincial Archives by J. B. Anderson, a midshipman in the frigate "Herald" when the three vessels were together in 1849

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Admiral Pim

H.M.S. Herald in search of Franklin

Admiral Kellett

A forgotten chapter in arctic history is recorded in the journals of Bedford Pim and Berthold Seemann of H.M.S. *Herald* which was unexpectedly commandeered to make a search in the Western Arctic for the missing Northwest Passage expedition

BY FLORA HAMILTON BURNS

DURING THE SPRING of 1845 four ships of the British Navy occupied adjoining berths at Chatham Dockyard: H.M.S. *Erebus* and *Terror* were being elaborately outfitted for Sir John Franklin's third expedition in search of the Northwest Passage, while H.M. Frigate *Herald* and barque *Pandora* were being commissioned to survey the Pacific coasts of North and South America, including the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

When the *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed from Chatham on 19 May 1845 on their fatal voyage the *Herald* was the last ship to man her yards and wave "Success" and "Farewell" to Franklin who had been instructed to

> . . . effect a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific . . . in a course to Bering Strait as direct as ice and any unknown lands may permit . . . which, if free, or nearly so from land or ice, would be accomplished in a month. . . . When he [Franklin] has passed Bering Strait he is to go to the Sandwich Islands . . . before returning round the Horn.

Five weeks later, June 25th, the *Herald* and her consort set out on their long voyage to the Pacific shores of America. Among her officers were men whose names were destined to be indelibly bound up with the geography of Canada and with the epic deeds of the Franklin search, including Captain Henry Kellett, C.B., "a hearty, joyous man who gave everyone pleasure," First Lieutenant Rochfort Maguire, and Midshipmen Bedford Capperton Pim and Richard Roche, and William Chimmo.

Two of the *Herald's* officers kept diaries: Berthold Seemann, a brilliant, twenty-one year old German naturalist who had been specially appointed for scientific duties, and Bedford Pim. Seemann's *Voyage of the Herald, 1845-1851* became a standard authority for many years on the natural history of the Pacific seaboard of America. The midshipman, a gay young man of eighteen, had just completed four years on the China Station where he had been seriously wounded and decorated during the Chinese

Unless otherwise credited, photographs are by courtesy of the Provincial Archives of British Columbia, some being copied from the books by Seemann and Pim. The pictures of Bedford Pim and Sir Henry Kellett on this page are by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich.

War. His father had pressed him to keep a journal and never allow it to fall into arrears, and when Pim was persuaded to publish it in 1852 he dedicated his *Leaves from the Diary of a Midshipman* to "Fond and Attached Parents." In 1860 his journal was re-published as *Euryalus, or Tales of the Sea* after the Greek commander in the Trojan War who was unable to return home for ten years.

As Seemann did not join the *Herald* until 1847 Pim collaborated with him in the early chapters of *The Voyage of the Herald*. Their two journals are entirely different in style and handling but complement each other and present absorbing first-hand narratives of the *Herald's* unprecedented six-year voyage. Seemann records the scientific data and achievements while Pim tells the human story.

On 24 June 1846, exactly a year after leaving England, the *Herald* and *Pandora* entered the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The voyage from Panama had taken seventy days, never within sight of land, and four of the crew died from the privations of the voyage.

"The monotony, the dreariness, the scarcity of fresh water, with bad provisions, along the burning shores of Western America were severely felt," declared Pim, "and we only found ourselves reviving when the fresh and chilling breezes met us off Vancouver Island. . . .

"Inside the Straits we anchored among a fleet of 38 canoes laden with salmon. . . . Nothing but salmon,—boiled, fried, soused and eaten all day long. If we starved during our long voyage . . . we are now certainly making up for it."

The Naval steamship *Cormorant* was stationed in the Strait to tow the sailing ships through the dangerous uncharted waters, and the following day the vessels anchored off Ogden Point where the officers landed and walked to Fort Victoria. Pim described their reactions:

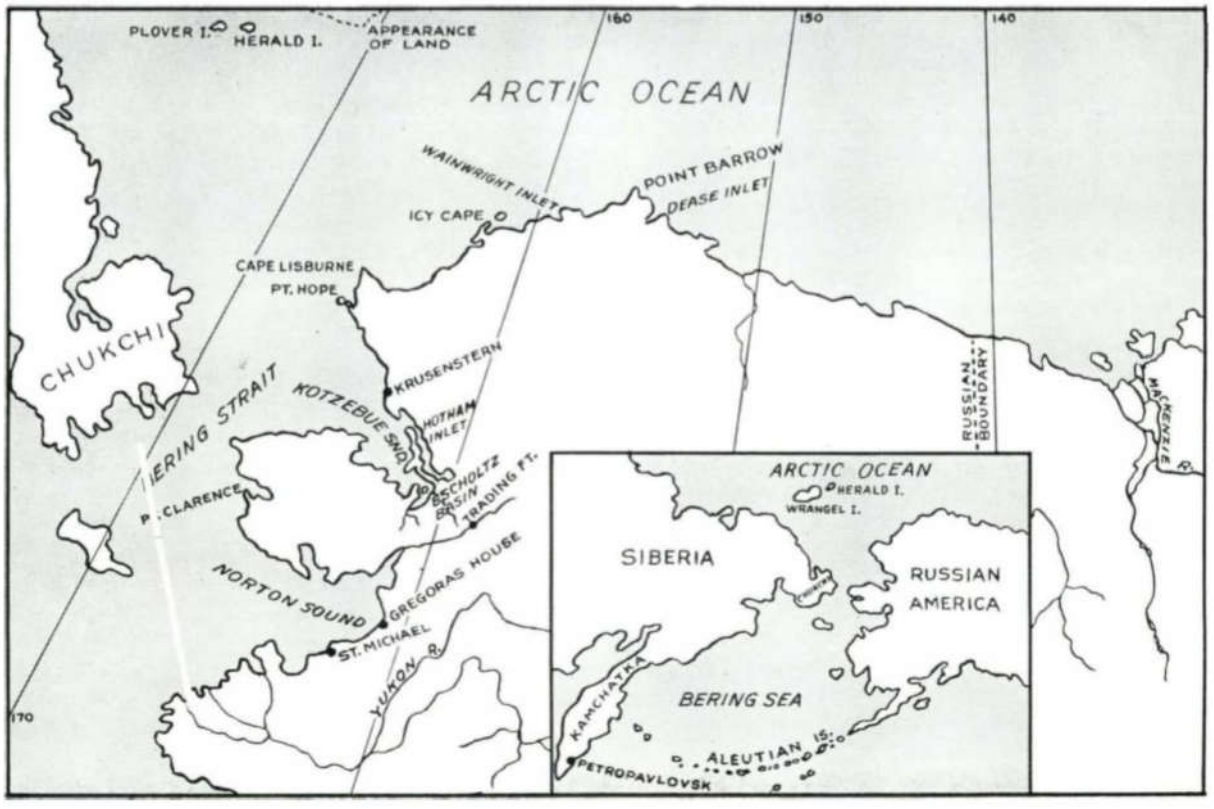
"We thought we had never seen a more beautiful country; it quite exceeded our expectations; yet Vancouver's description made us look for something beyond common scenery.

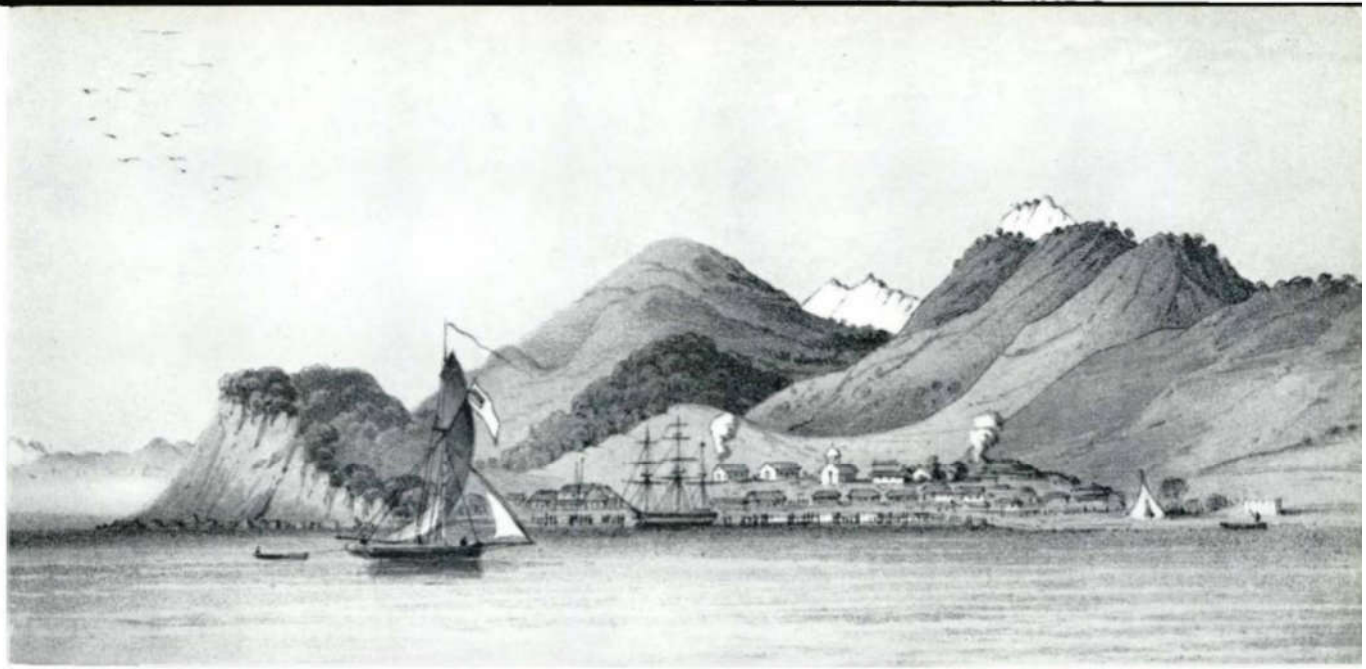
"It is a natural park; noble oaks and ferns . . . in the greatest luxuriance, with poplar and alder dotted about. One could hardly believe that this was not the work of art. . . . We were astonished at all we saw. About 160 acres are cultivated with oats, wheat, potatoes . . . and other vegetables. . . .

"We anchored in those beautiful harbours, Port Discovery [Port Angeles], Dungeness, Port Townsend . . . and San Juan, and on Vancouver Island, Victoria, Esquimalt, Becher Bay, Soke [Sooke] and Port Alberni."

Pim concluded his description of Victoria with the lofty comment: "Mr [Roderick] Finlayson, the gentle-

Map based on the chart of Lieut Hooper who was in H.M.S. "Plover" 1848-9 when he left with Pullen's boat party. The land marked Plover Island eventually proved to be part of Wrangel Island





The "Herald" at Petropavlovsk, drawn by William Chimmo who was a midshipman on board

man in charge of the establishment, appears to be an intelligent man who by adhering to his word and offering stated prices in bartering, seems to have impressed the natives with a considerable degree of respect for himself and the Fort."

The heavy autumn fogs put an end to their work and "On september 2nd we bade adieu to Victoria and Mr Finlayson . . . to whom we were so much indebted for his uniform hospitality and kindness."

Eighteen months later, on the fever-infested shores of Central America the crew of the *Herald* were seriously debilitated and the life of their beloved captain almost despaired of for many weeks. Suddenly, in April 1848, while at Panama, "to the utter astonishment of all," the survey ship *Herald* was ordered "to the North Pole," as Pim expressed it. They heard for the first time the disturbing news that there had been no word of Franklin since he was sighted in July 1845, a few weeks after leaving England. A search was being organized and the *Herald* was ordered to the Western Arctic to assist. Pim wrote:

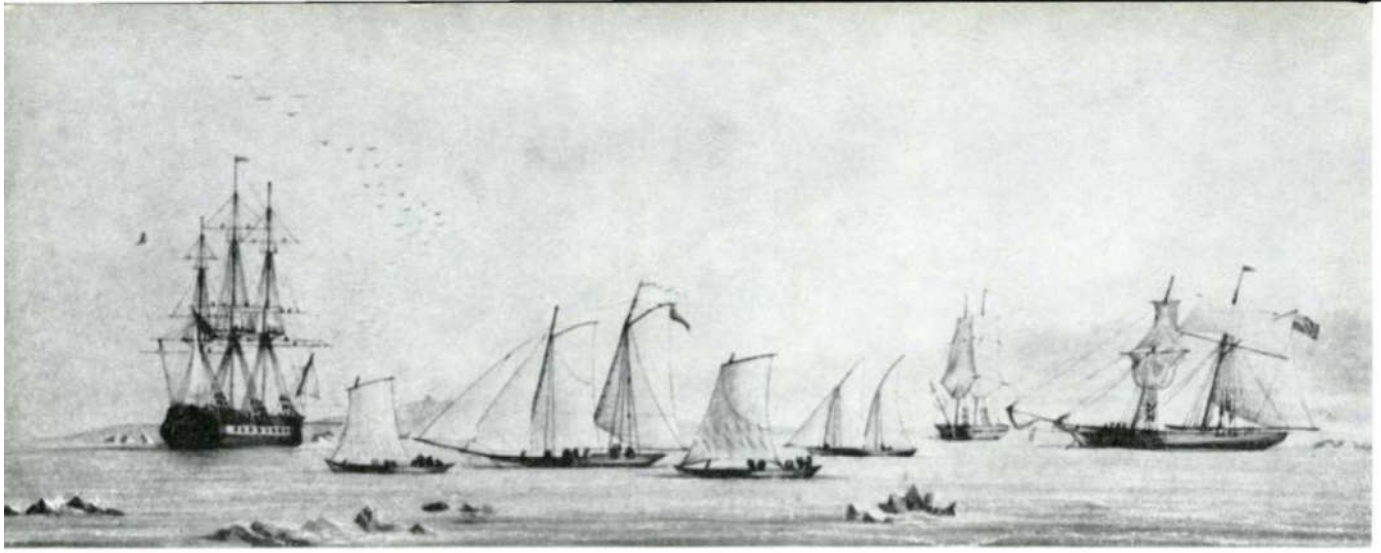
"To that chilling and refreshing idea alone, I believe, we were indebted for the recovery of our worthy captain. We were all in high spirits at so unexpected and welcome a change . . . and it was a strange coincidence that we, who had been the very last to wave our caps and wish 'God Speed', should now be chosen to aid in searching for Franklin and his brave associates. We entered on this service with all our hearts and all our endeavours. Warm clothing was preparing, extra provisions stowing away, benevolent boots and soups arriving, presents for the natives collecting. . . .

"Such was the anxiety prevailing, and such the necessity for immediate action, that a large and powerful steamer, H.M.S. *Sampson* was sent to tow us into the trade winds, as there is always difficulty in getting away from this part of the American coast."

On 9 May 1848 the *Herald* sailed for Bering Strait where she was expected to meet H.M.S. *Plover* coming from England to remain in the Western Arctic as a depot ship in case Franklin had penetrated to that region. In spite of being towed for 660 miles there was no wind, and more than three months elapsed before the *Herald* reached Petropavlovsk (Petropaulowski) in Kamchatka. The Russians had heard nothing of Franklin or the *Plover* but they did everything in their power to assist and entertain the *Herald*. However the brief arctic summer was almost over and Captain Kellett made all sail to the Russian Fort of St Michael (Michaelowski) in Alaska, to obtain an interpreter and skin boats from the Eskimos. No baidars were available and the only interpreter was a half-caste, whom they nicknamed Bosky, who knew no English but could speak a little Spanish.

After narrowly escaping shipwreck in dense fog in Bering Strait the *Herald* anchored in Kotzebue Sound on September 14th. Of the great armada of ships for the Franklin search H.M.S. *Herald* was the first ship to reach the Arctic. Snow was falling and winter fast approaching but the *Herald* traced the Alaskan coast as far north as Cape Krusenstern, sending her boats into every inlet and creek, interrogating every Eskimo for word of Franklin or the *Plover*, and tracking down a native rumour of white men dressed as sailors, all without results.

To counteract the baneful effects of the long, monotonous voyage and its disappointing outcome the officers decided to entertain the ship's company by a series of theatricals. Two of them painted the scenery, "Midshipman Bedford Pim showed great skill in making ladies'



The "Herald," "Plover" and yacht "Nancy Dawson" off Wainwright in July 1849 with the boats under command of Lieut Pullen leaving for Mackenzie River in search of Franklin

dresses, caps and bonnets," wrote Seemann, and at "The Theatre Royal, Kotzebue Sound, Grand Opening Night, September 15, 1848," Paymaster Whiffen produced Molière's famous comedy, "The Mock Doctor," with Seemann and Pim in leading parts. This was certainly Alaska's "first" in theatrical history.

The cold became intense, and the crew, transported suddenly from three years in the tropics, without arctic equipment, suffered severely. At the end of September Captain Kellett set sail for Petropavlovsk. In classic words Seemann summed up the arctic scene:

"The endless moorlands of the Arctic Circle offered no temptation to the earlier adventurers, and the icy masses of the Polar Seas rendered navigation both irksome and dangerous. . . . Man cannot be charged with having defaced the primeval aspect of this region; he has left everything as it was in the beginning. The mineral wealth rests undisturbed in the bowels of the earth; the vegetable kingdom still exercises an absolute sovereignty; and the animal creation swarms over the boundless steppes rarely disturbed by the hunter, and uncontrolled by the herdsman."

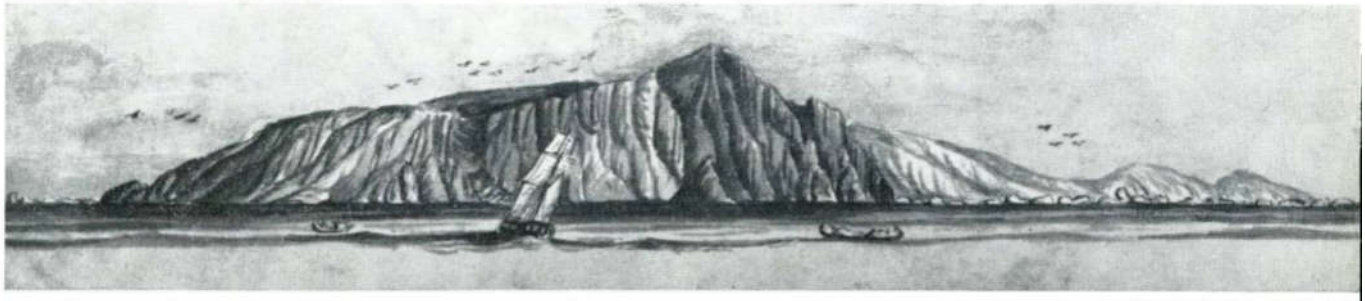
Before leaving Petropavlovsk on the long voyage back to Central America to resume their survey duties, Captain Kellett returned the generous hospitality received from the Russians by hiring the largest building in the place and giving a performance of "The Mock Doctor," followed by a ball. Pim was in his element:

"When the curtain rose, there were we; in all shapes, sizes and dresses, under the gaze of a foreign public audience. The low windows of the building were purposely left open, and were thronged with persons who had never witnessed such a thing before. Although not knowing one word we said, the audience understood the plot, and each scene pleased them more and more. When the curtain dropped amidst great applause the ladies were handed into the tea-room, and in five minutes our theatre was a ball-room. . . . Three priests were present with their wives, one of whom was an immense woman. The Governor, seeing I could waltz a little, says: 'Danse avec la Grande Dame?' 'O yes', says I, 'avec beaucoup de plaisir'. So myself and Grande Dame had about fifteen round turns. It much resembled walking round with the capstan!"

The following spring cholera was raging in Central America. All the ports were closed, no fresh meat or provisions could be obtained, and scurvy broke out on the *Herald*. The ship was ordered to Honolulu to refresh the crew but, becalmed for many weeks, the voyage was a nightmare: "All panting for breath under a burning sun . . . followed by torrential rains; the ship leaked throughout; not a dry spot within her; her decks shrunk from the parching sun."

There was no word of the *Plover* in Honolulu but the eyes of the world were focussed upon the Franklin search and the *Herald* was again ordered to the Arctic. In spite of their impaired health the crew volunteered. "Who would desert such a cause for selfish reasons?" commented Pim.

At Petropavlovsk the *Herald* found the *Nancy Dawson*, a Royal Thames Yacht Club schooner, owned by Mr Robert Shedden, a former Naval officer who had brought his yacht to assist in the search. She had been well stocked at Hong Kong, but her crew were disorganized, and Mr Shedden asked Captain Kellett to send an officer on board. In mid-July the *Herald* and *Nancy Dawson* reached Kotzebue Sound within a few hours of the arrival of H.M.S. *Plover*. This ship had been forced to spend the winter on the Siberian coast where she had been most hospitably received and supplied with fresh food by the native Chukchis. While the *Herald* provisioned the *Plover* for her indefinite sojourn in the Arctic and exchanged sick or suitable men for volunteers from her own complement, Captain Kellett and Commander Moore of the *Plover* explored the coast for winter quarters for the *Plover*, during which they discovered, frozen solidly into



Herald Island, named for the ship which discovered it and took possession in August 1849, from a water-colour by Chimmo

National Maritime Museum

the ground, a large cask of flour left by H.M.S. *Blossom* twenty-three years before, during Beechey's attempt to link up with Franklin's expedition to the west of the Mackenzie River. It was "as sweet and well tasted as any we had on board," remarked Seemann, "and Captain Kellett gave a dinner party at which all the pies and puddings were made of this flour."

The three ships proceeded to Icy Cape where boats were sent "to search every nook and cranny along the shores." They were visited by many Eskimos in their baidars but there was no news of Franklin. On 25 July 1849 Captain Kellett despatched the *Plover's* boat parties to the Mackenzie River under Lieutenant W. J. S. Pullen. The expedition consisted of twenty-five persons and four boats, including the *Herald's* thirty-foot pinnace, "carefully outfitted, thoroughly decked . . . furnished with pumps, spare rudder, and strengthened by 2-inch planking above the water-line; two whaleboats, partially covered over, and the *Plover's* pinnace, half-decked and stowed with provisions" for seventy days plus additional supplies for Franklin's party. The ships accompanied the boats along the coast until dense fog enveloped them next day and they were not seen again, although the *Herald* followed the coast until stopped by ice "like a wall, through which there appeared no opening whatever. We were 100 miles north of Point Barrow and had sailed out of all published charts."

On August 17th, far within the ice pack, "Land Ho" came from the masthead of the *Herald*. A small group of islands appeared, and at a greater distance loomed an extensive, high land mass "which," said Captain Kellett, "I had been watching for some time and anxiously awaiting a report from someone else." "There, Sir, is the land; quite plain," came the report. This was the Great Land, later known to be Herald Island and Wrangel Island, then believed to be an arctic continent.

With six officers and two boats Captain Kellett left the ship. Seemann was in the party and described the occasion: "We reached the island and found running on it a very heavy sea. The First Lieutenant . . . backed his boat in until he got a foothold (without swimming) and then jumped overboard. The Captain followed . . . hoisted the Jack, and took possession of the island with the usual ceremonies, in the name of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. . . . Human beings, or any traces of them, we did not find."*

When the *Herald* returned to the Alaskan coast she met the two pinnaces and eleven men who had been sent back by Pullen from Dease Inlet, after transferring their stores to the two whaleboats and a baidar for the remainder of Pullen's journey. The men had been absent from the ships twenty-seven days, but the *Nancy Dawson* had been able to accompany the Pullen expedition until turned back by ice conditions at Point Barrow, and on their return journey the whaleboats had encountered the yacht and been convoyed by her until meeting the *Herald*.

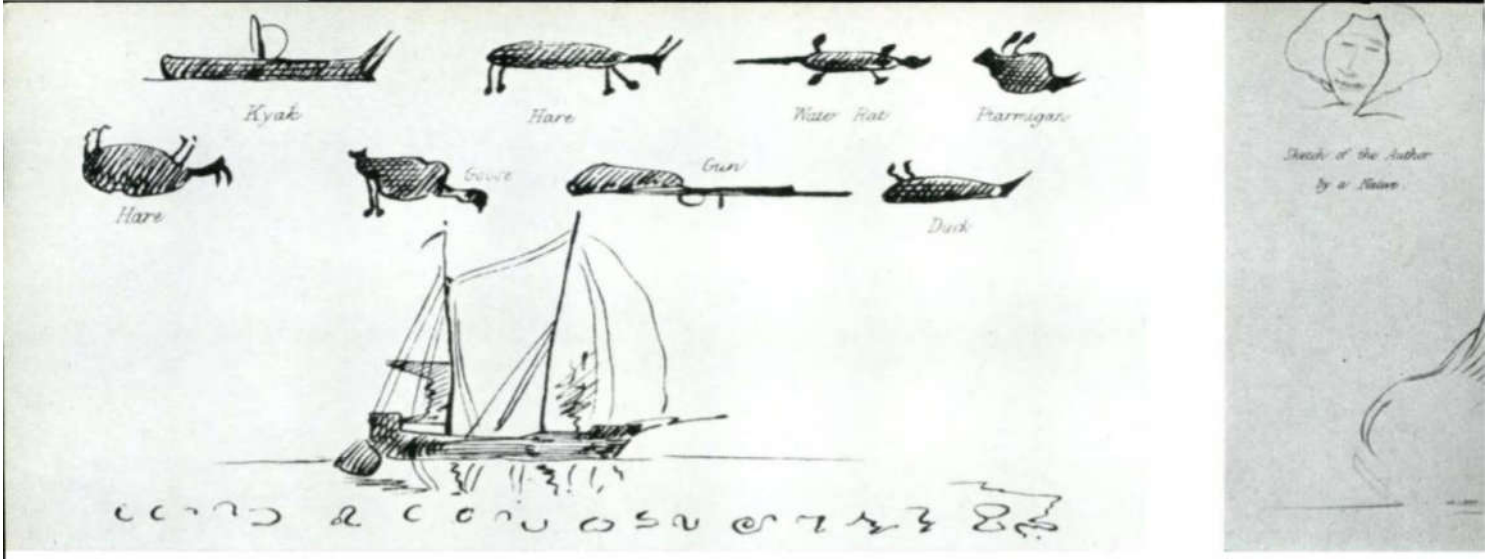
Many Eskimos now visited the ships. "The women bartered their furs freely," wrote Pim, "taking them off their bodies to do so, exhibiting not the slightest modesty." Accompanied by numerous Eskimos in their kayaks as guides, a six-boat expedition explored the Buckland River as far as navigable and examined the ice cliffs of Eschscholtz Bay, which contained many mastodon bones, including molar teeth, of which Pim said, "I could just carry one on my shoulders. It was intended for the Dublin Museum, where I believe it now is."

Pim felt great admiration for the Eskimos, saying: "Our Esquimaux pilots amused us very much by singing and dancing. In a 'jumping match' we were beaten by *four* feet in the long jump, though we had some active fellows amongst our crew, but in the high jumps we beat them. One native jumped (by measurement) 19 feet on a sandy beach; they were active, muscular fellows, full of frolic and fun. . . .

"These native people deserve a word of praise. *Friendship* would hardly convey the manner with which they mixed with us, as if they had known us for years; all day they were coming off and on to the boats to smoke their pipes and have a 'bit of fun'. As for theft, I do not think they knew the meaning of the word; they were not even inquisitive in their frequent visits, and often appeared to feel as if intruding. . . .

"On our return to the village where we had encamped on our second night out, we were met by our old friends

*Canada did not re-establish sovereignty on Wrangel Island after World War I in spite of urgent representations by Stefansson and from Britain. It is now a Soviet missile base where heavy nuclear bombs were exploded 1954-62.



"An Eskimo sketch from nature" and, right, "a resident of Buckland River" which flows into Eschscholtz Bay

in five kayaks, who . . . lifted their paddles, spread their arms and rubbed their 'victualling offices'; we did the same and friendship was recognized. They came on board and rubbed noses (not a pleasant salutation), smoked pipes and danced. . . .

"During the intervals I made one of them sketch the game which was hanging on the yard, consisting of hares, geese, duck, ptarmigan, etc., and the following are facsimiles, but invariably (I could not tell why) upside down."

Terrific storms, which dismounted the *Herald's* guns and rendered the crew almost helpless from the cold, signalled the time for her departure. Pim summarized the season's work:

"The barrier of ice had been traced from the shores of America to those of Asia; we had gained the farthest north latitude of any ship known, as well as sailed the farthest west; we had discovered islands and perhaps a continent [Wrangel Island]; and had assisted all in our power, those placed under our care. . . . Our whaleboats had gone 300 miles from Wainwright to Mackenzie River; and had searched the whole shore of America [from Norton Sound to Dease Inlet], including rivers running 50-60 miles in the interior. If Sir John Franklin or any of the lost expedition were there, we would have found them!"

On September 29th convoying the *Nancy Dawson*, whose "noble-hearted owner" was fatally ill, the *Herald* weighed from Kotzebue Sound and was blown out of Bering Strait in a gale. The ships cut the Aleutian Chain "near the Island of the Four Moons, a beautiful sight, the whole being covered with snow," noted Seemann, and six weeks later reached the shores of Mexico. To the great sorrow of all on board the *Herald* Mr Shedden died three days after reaching Mazatlan, but as Seemann wrote, "the *Nancy Dawson* will ever be remembered in the history of navigation as the first yacht that performed a voyage round the world, and penetrated to the eastward of Point Barrow, while the generous impulse which induced Mr Shedden to search for his missing countrymen will always be appreciated, and held up to future generations."

In the gunroom of the *Herald* a bright and ardent face was missing. Midshipman Bedford Pim had volunteered to fill a vacancy among the officers of the *Plover*, and to spend the winter of 1849-1850 in Kotzebue Sound.

This was no lighthearted decision, and Pim's diary reveals his feelings: "The departure of the *Herald*, the prospect of the long winter, the loneliness and melancholy of the adjacent country, all tended to increase the feeling which the sudden loss of companions and friends is always calculated to produce. . . . The natives also paid us a final visit . . . and we now seemed to be entirely excluded from all human intercourse.

"However, we tried by mental and bodily exercise to make the time pass as agreeably as possible. Quick freeze-up caused the speedy housing in of the ship. A wooden frame, covered by canvas and tilt cloth served as a roof; several windows admitted the remaining portion of daylight; three fire-places and a Sylvester's stove diffused an agreeable temperature . . . and a considerable degree of comfort was experienced . . . the temperature continuing to decline. . . . On Christmas Day the cold was bitterly felt, being 26° below zero.

"The natives began to renew their visits. . . . They appeared like different beings. Their light and filthy summer dresses had been exchanged for others which fitted more closely and were better made. They seemed conscious that they were moving in an element for which nature had admirably adapted them . . . and communicated with us on a footing of *complete* equality. Whenever they arrived their sledges were well laden with fish, venison and furs. The fish were of excellent flavour, the furs ermine, sable, beaver, fox, etc."

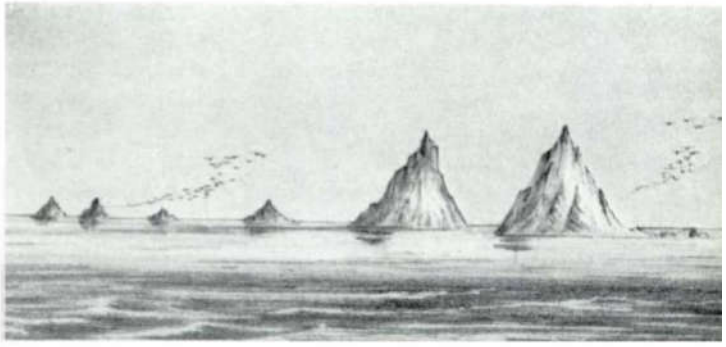
Both drawings from "Euryalus"

In December Pim and two other officers accompanied a party of Eskimos to their yourts (semi-underground dwellings constructed of driftwood, generally roofed with earth or turf) on Hotham Inlet, living with them for ten days, and later visited other friendly villages. The Eskimos reported that two ships had been seen eastward of Point Barrow. Pim believed that by travelling overland to St Michael on the southern shore of Norton Sound more definite information might be obtained. He set out on 11 March 1850 with Bosky, the Russian interpreter, and provisions for fifteen days but the trails were so bad that it took five days to reach the Spafarief River, on the south of Kotzebue Sound, beyond which none of his Eskimo friends had ever penetrated.

Commander Moore had ordered Pim to return the dog-team and sledge from that point, believing that further transportation could be provided by the natives, but the latter were unwilling to part with their dogs. Finally the Chief lent him a dog and sledge and persuaded others to lend him four more dogs. Only with great difficulty and by seriously depleting his resources to provide payment, was Pim able to obtain a guide who stated that Norton Sound would be reached within two days, and that food and shelter would be available each night along the way.

When Pim resumed his journey the new dogs proved almost worthless; he was forced to let one go, a second was too young, a third too old to pull, and little progress could be made. For three exhausting days they travelled through unknown, rugged, mountain country with no signs of human habitation or game. Except for scraps the dogs had been without food since leaving the village and could drag the sledge no farther. To prevent its lingering death Pim was obliged to shoot one; he thought that the carcass might provide a meal for the rest, but "although starving, not one would touch it." Hiding the sled amid thick underbrush, the party continued on snowshoes through heavily wooded country. Only one day's provisions remained and more than half the journey—eighty to ninety miles—lay ahead.

On the fourth day, from a high ridge, they glimpsed the ice of Norton Sound, and at midnight were led by the dogs to a deserted hut where nothing could be found except some train oil and scraps of leather which the dogs devoured. Pim realized that the guide had reached his "Ultima Thule," for the Eskimos of the northern regions knew nothing of their countrymen to the south, and required an interpreter to communicate with the



Pim's drawing of the Aleutians with the Islands of the Four Moons and Amukta

Eskimos of the Norton Sound area. Pim was thankful, however, that his guide had not deserted them, as his experience in travelling was useful.

As they were on the point of starting at dawn the next day Pim discovered that the pocket compass was missing, so "We were compelled to launch upon the sea-ice, trusting in a great measure to chance. A bleak expanse of snow lay before us as far as the eye could reach, and mile after mile was passed before, long after midnight, we stepped upon firm ground . . . and continued our march. At daylight we could drag our limbs no further, and at the risk of being frost-bitten, were compelled to lie down.

"At length our guide descried a village, to which we dragged ourselves with great exertion. . . . No signs of life. Just as despair began to gain the mastery, a woman appeared who inspired us with new life. We were soon ensconced in warm furs and regaled with fish, train-oil, and berries—a most acceptable feast. The poor dogs . . . were not forgotten; they were allowed unlimited fish, purchased with a clasp-knife I happened to be carrying."

Bosky was unable to walk any farther. His legs were in a shocking condition from scurvy, complicated by having been frost-bitten and injured in a bad fall. In spite of this he had kept up with the party during their last twenty-two-hour journey, and Pim said he "could

not sufficiently admire the quiet endurance with which he bore his sufferings."

When the men of the village returned Pim learnt that a two-day journey would bring him to a small Russian outpost which would afford shelter and aid. The Eskimos offered Bosky a seat on their sledge to a village within twenty-five miles of the post, and the party set out again. They spent a comfortable night at the village, and Bosky felt able to attempt the remainder of the journey on foot. The guide was sent back with another native to recover the sledge and Bosky and Pim went on alone. After some hours Bosky was unable to proceed, and Pim was forced to leave him beneath some cliffs while he endeavoured to reach the post and send help. Urged on by the tracks and howling of wolves, Pim found the blockhouse late at night, but he despaired of making Bosky's danger known by means of signs. Eventually, to his infinite relief, Bosky himself appeared, fear of the wolves having given him the needed strength to reach the outpost.

Under the benevolent care of Gregora, the master of the blockhouse (at what was later the site of Unalakleet) Bosky gradually improved and nine days later he and Pim resumed their journey. As the guide had not returned with the sled, Pim hired another one for Bosky, and on the 6th of April, twenty-six days after leaving the ship, Pim and Bosky arrived at St Michael, where they were received with great kindness. For days Bosky was barely conscious, but eventually Pim gathered that two officers and ten white men were reported to be living near a river some 300 miles within the Russian territory. From the description Pim concluded they were not men of the Hudson's Bay Company, but thought they might be two boats' crews from Franklin's expedition. Without more accurate information he felt it would be folly for him to go in search of them in his destitute condition.

The ice was due to break up in Norton Sound any day, and Pim decided to return immediately to the ship for a fully equipped search party to follow up the report. Bosky was too ill to travel, but Pim was able to obtain another interpreter and to purchase ample supplies for his entire return journey. On his way back he distributed presents to all those who had helped him and recovered the borrowed sledge, its bread (or ship's biscuit) eaten by wolves, but otherwise undisturbed.

In crossing Norton Sound the party narrowly escaped being carried out to sea on the ice, and only by extreme exertions reached the land, where they also encountered many dangers and difficulties in crossing the numerous streams in flood. Finally, on 29 April they reached the Spafarief village where Pim was warmly welcomed and returned the sled and dogs he had borrowed on his outward journey.

Upon returning to the *Plover* after an absence of almost two months, Pim found that although Commander Moore had received from other Eskimos reports similar to those received by the Russians, he considered them of no importance and would not consent to any further search. After a few days' rest Pim was sent to join the survey of Eschscholtz Bay. "As the summer advanced," he said, "every eye was constantly turned in the direction whence the *Herald* was expected."

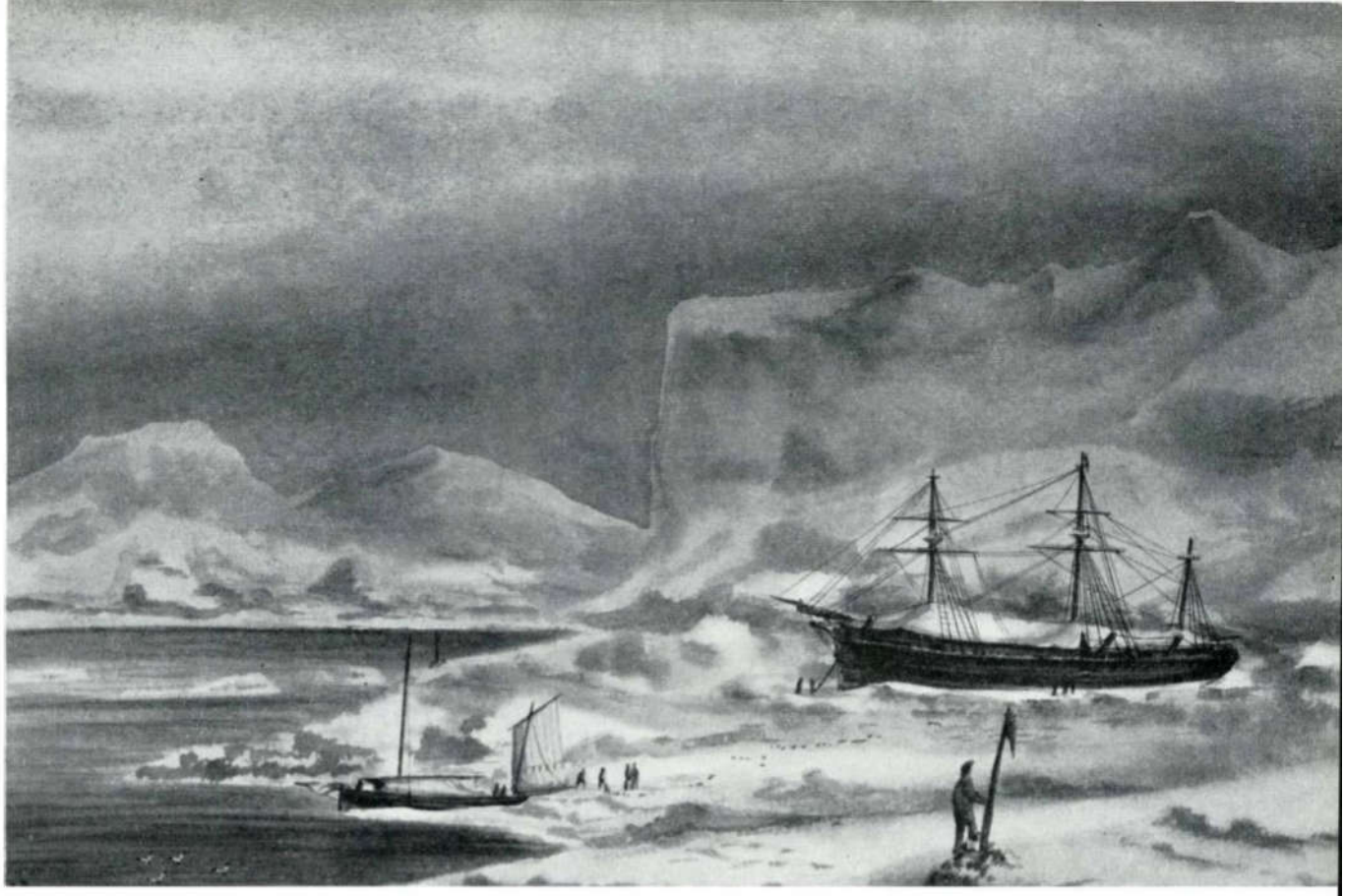
In Central America the winter of 1849-50 was a repetition of the calamities of the previous year—cholera, closed ports, no fresh food and symptoms of scurvy among both officers and men, aggravated by the extremes of climate to which they had been subjected. In spite of Captain Kellett's strong representations for the relief of the crew, the *Herald* was ordered to Honolulu to meet H.M.S. *Enterprise*, commanded by Captain R. Collinson, and *Investigator*, under command of Commander R. M. McClure*, which were en route from England to search from the Western Arctic for the North-west Passage and Franklin. At Honolulu there was no word of these ships, and after waiting for a fortnight the *Herald* commenced her third voyage to the Polar Sea. Officers and crew felt they were now "... out of all reach and that it would never *end*. What added to our misfortunes was being without warm clothing, and the provisions worse, if possible ... than the previous season, being one year older.... Again we had to undergo the melancholy trial of the loss of another shipmate. These severe tests of climate were too much for him, and he gradually sank."

At Kotzebue the *Herald* found the crew of the *Plover* well, and therefore left immediately for farther north to trace another rumour of white men beyond Point Barrow whom they thought might be some of Pullen's party of the previous year. They left messages at Cape Lisburne, the appointed rendezvous for Captain Collinson in command of the two ships, and also traced the arctic shore until stopped by pack-ice one hundred miles south of where it had been encountered the previous year.

On 31 July 1850 H.M.S. *Investigator* appeared off Cape Lisburne, having made an incredibly rapid passage of twenty-six days from Hawaii. From Commander McClure the *Herald* learnt that Pullen had reached the Mackenzie safely, but the former had no despatches or news of promotions for men of the *Herald* after five and a half years. They felt indeed "out of sight, out of mind."

Commander McClure had ample provisions and reported his men in excellent health and spirits. He was

* *Beaver*, Winter, 1960



H.M.S. "Plover" housed in for the winter of 1849-50 beneath the ice cliffs of Eschscholtz Bay, shown in a water-colour by Midshipman John B. Anderson of the "Herald" *The McCord Museum, McGill University*

three men short of his complement, and this deficiency was filled by volunteers from the *Herald*, all excellent men in good health. Captain Kellett went over the ship and declared: "I was highly pleased with the comfort and cleanliness. . . . He [McClure] parted with me at midnight, with a strong northeast wind, and under every stitch he could carry . . . steering to the North." According to Pim, "*Investigator* intended to 'take the pack' at any risk."

The *Herald* searched for the *Enterprise* as far north as Wainwright Inlet; investigated the Russian rumours at Norton Sound, and finally proceeded to Port Clarence, where the *Plover* intended to winter. There, on September 5th, to the complete amazement of all, the *Herald* found the *Enterprise*—fast aground in the mud, after having been eighty miles east of Point Barrow. On August 14th she had effected a landing at Cape Lisburne, but "had observed none of the marks erected by the *Herald* and *Plover*, nor any traces of the vessels." Seemann said: "This statement would appear almost inexplicable, had not upon that very day the *Herald*, while communicating with the *Plover*, been drifted 30 miles off the land. The accident, trifling as it may appear, proved of great importance, as to its consequences must be ascribed, if not the total failure of this year's expedition, at least one of the most serious impediments to the progress of the *Enterprise*. The state of the vessel must be fully understood in order to justify her movements."

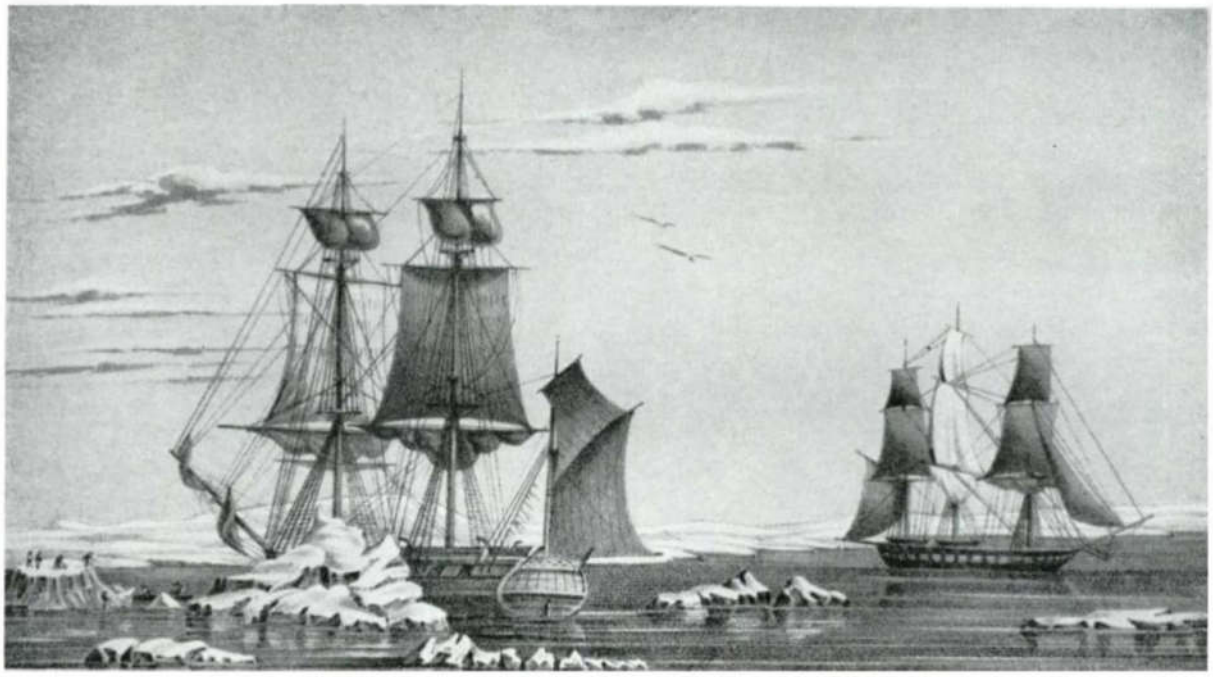
Since parting with *Investigator* in the Strait of Magellan the *Enterprise* had encountered none of the Search ships, and knew nothing of them after leaving Oahu. Pressing northward, in constant expectation of meeting one or other ship of the Relief Expedition, she entered the ice, rounded Point Barrow, and reached 73° 25′ N., 125° W., thirty-two miles higher than the *Herald* had attained in 1849. Huge masses of ice impeded further progress, and having no knowledge of the other ships, and thus no resources, Captain Collinson decided to return to the south. At Point Hope he received from the natives written intelligence that the *Herald* and *Plover* would be found at Port Clarence. There the ship had run upon a shoal.

"It was our pleasant duty to 'haul her off'," wrote Pim: ". . . She had to be lightened of everything on board, including all provisions and ballast . . . moved into deep water, all again stowed and prepared for sea. All this was done during the most cold and trying weather, squalls of hail, rain and snow, against which our crew were not prepared."

No sooner was this accomplished than the *Plover* ran aground, and the laborious task had to be repeated and the *Plover* thoroughly prepared for winter. Forty of her men who had shown signs of scurvy, or were otherwise unfit for arctic service, were replaced by volunteers, the pick of the *Herald's* crew. Commander Moore's legs were so swollen that he could hardly walk, but he refused to leave his ship. Captain Collinson intended to winter in Hong Kong, and as soon as *Enterprise* was ready for sea he left for the south via St Michael and Sitka where he would pick up supplies.

wind and snow, nothing could stand such severe tests."

In spite of their joy, nine weary and, in some cases, heartbreaking months lay ahead. One milestone of the journey was of special significance to Pim. As the *Herald* passed through the China Sea in a furious monsoon, he recorded: "Today I complete my first voyage round the world, having sailed through *every* degree of longitude east and west, and doubled both Capes Horn and Hope. I am therefore privileged to *sit on the table* and place both legs thereon, an indulgence which only those who have circumnavigated the globe are entitled to."



The "Herald" and the "Plover" in Bering Strait, by William Chimmo

On the 26 September the *Herald* sailed from the Arctic, "praying that it might be for the last time." When Captain Kellett announced that their destination was Honolulu, "a thrill of pleasure was felt by all." It had been feared they would again have to visit the American shores, and Pim said: "The men almost jumped out of their clothes with joy,—the bare idea of being *homeward bound* brought smiles to every face. . . .

"Our poor old ship was, like those who trimmed her sails and guided her through the waters, fast falling to decay,—constantly something breaking or falling away. . . . Now nearly six years in commission instead of the usual two or three, in such extremes of heat and cold,

Worn out by years of privation and hardship there were many deaths and much serious illness during the voyage. Pim became so gravely ill that he was sent to hospital at the Cape, where the ship stayed for some time to allow the men to recuperate, and he said: "Our sickness made so deep an inroad on our constitutions that it would take a very long time before we could be completely well. . . .

"To describe the joy all felt upon nearing the English Channel would be impossible. . . . On passing a large squadron at Spithead [6 June 1851] one ship kindly asked what we were. We had been so long absent the pilot had never even heard our name. . . .

"All our sick, 52 in number, were sent to hospital, and the anchor had scarcely been let go when the letter-bag came on board. . . . Letters lay unclaimed, unopened, for those long committed to the deep."

The ship's company were highly commended by the Admiral for their efficiency, cleanliness, and discipline, which was exceedingly gratifying to everyone, but Pim added: "The credit was wholly due to a kind, good-hearted and generous Captain, and to a First Lieutenant whose better is not to be found in her Majesty's Navy."

Of the *Herald's* achievements Seemann said: "Thus was completed a voyage which will ever remain remarkable. . . . Few ships had ever furnished a greater amount of hydrographical data, or brought together more extensive collections of objects of natural history, including the series of Admiralty charts which have been made public."

All those engaged on the arctic voyages were remunerated with double pay and most of the officers were promoted to higher rank and given important appointments. Pim made the final entry in his diary at Chatham, whence the *Herald* had sailed six years before, saying: "Before the Pennant was hauled down an official letter arrived for me. 'Sir,—My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having been pleased to promote you to the rank of Lieutenant, I have to inform you that your commission is with the Chief Clerk of this Office. (Signed) Secretary to the Admiralty'. This is the last notation in my Midshipman's Journal. *Farewell.*"

Before the end of the year Lieutenant Pim, F.R.G.S., was in Russia, trying to obtain permission for Britain to search the Siberian coast for traces of Franklin. The request was refused, and in 1852 Pim joined Captain Kellett in H.M.S. *Resolute* for the Franklin search. The *Resolute* discovered the message from *Investigator*, stating that she had been icebound on Banks Island since 1851. In the arctic dark, with temperatures at -50° F., Pim, accompanied by Mate Richard Roche, former midshipman in the *Herald*, led the earliest spring sled journey so far attempted, and reached the *Investigator* in twenty-eight days, just in time to prevent a repetition of the Franklin disaster. At Mercy Bay, on 6 April 1853 Commander McClure on *Investigator* descried a strange figure, who made signs and gave a wild yell. McClure cried out, "In God's name, who are you?" "I'm Lieutenant Pim, late of the *Herald*, now in the *Resolute*. Captain Kellett is in her at Dealy Island." Three years before, off Cape Lisburne, the *Herald* had bid farewell to *Investigator*: now, after circumnavigating the globe, men of the *Herald* rescued the *Investigator's* crew from a tragic fate.

Most of the *Herald's* officers, including the Captain and Berthold Seemann, had distinguished careers subsequently, but Pim's career is probably unique in Naval history. After commanding ships in the Crimean and Second China War, in both of which he was wounded and decorated, he originated and surveyed the Isthmian route through Nicaragua, and promoted the Nicaraguan Railway Company. He retired from active service but was retained on the Navy List and later promoted to Rear-Admiral. At the age of forty-four Pim took up law at the Inner Temple, and practised as Queen's Counsel, almost exclusively on Admiralty cases. His name became a household word among seamen, and he was elected Member of Parliament for Gravesend. He was an authority on hydrography, civil engineering, armour-plating; was a founding member of the Anthropological Society, and the author of many important publications.

Pim died in 1886 at the age of sixty. In the Church of the Seamen's Institute at Bristol is a memorial tablet and window erected to Bedford Capperton Trevelyan Pim by the Pilots of the British Empire and the United States of America. The Dictionary of National Biography is not given to eulogies, but concludes its biography of Pim with the words,

"He was a true-hearted sailor of the old school—brave, generous and unselfish." ◆

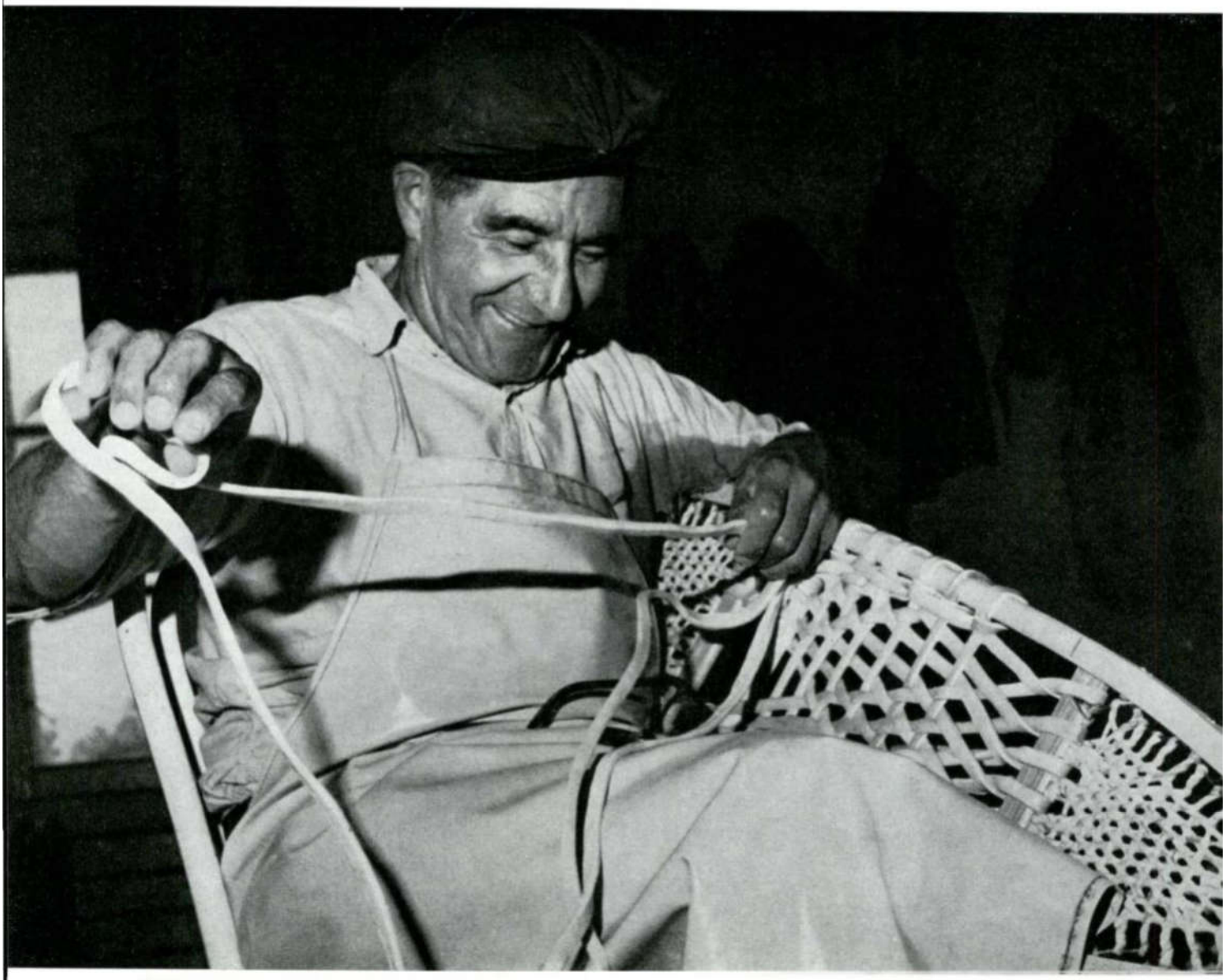
Storm-beset "Herald"

NOTE: *Euryalus*, published anonymously in 1860, has in a later edition been attributed to William Chimmo, another midshipman in H.M.S. *Herald*, whose drawings illustrate the book. Miss Burns, now in England where she is continuing many years of research in naval history pertaining to the Pacific coast, concludes that the book may be a compilation of two journals, Chimmo's dry record enlivened by the breezy diary of Pim which was known to his companions.

LAND OF THE WENDATS

By ADELAIDE LEITCH

free-lance writer and author of a recent prize-winning book for young people "The Great Canoe"

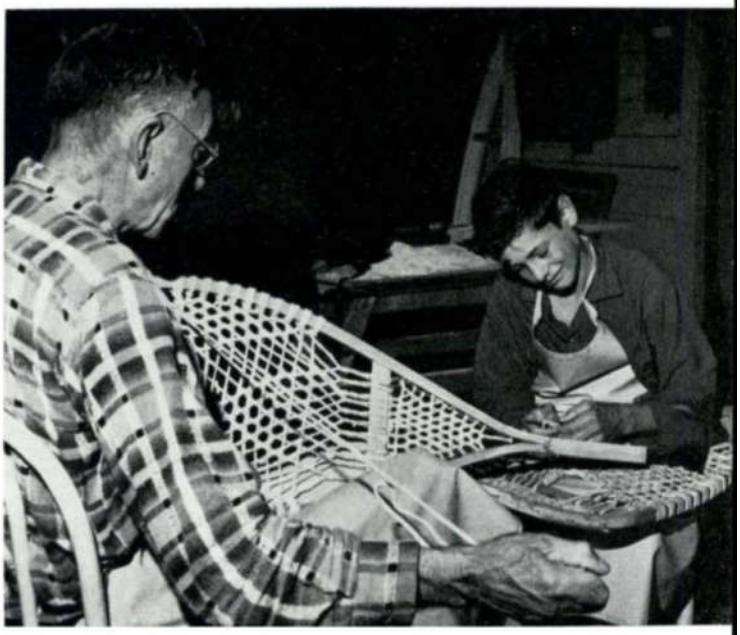


Chief Alphonse T. Picard follows an ancient trade as he strings snowshoes

Photographs, unless credited, are by the author

To ensure that the spacing is accurate and even a piece of caribou horn is used

Below: a young apprentice, whose training will take two to three months, learns how to string a raquette from Huron expert Edgar Groslouis



A GENTLE CHIEF of the Huron Indians plies one of the oldest trades of Canada today, as he strings snowshoes at *Le Village des Hurons* by the Cabir Couba Falls in Loretteville, Quebec.

His people have been making these *raquettes* in this little French-Canadian village for nearly three hundred years. Before that, snowshoe-making with deerhide and white ash was common around the longhouses of the old homeland of *Wendake*—which later inhabitants now call Huronia—in the Georgian Bay region of Ontario. The old craft was something they brought with them when they fled the destruction of Huronia in 1649.

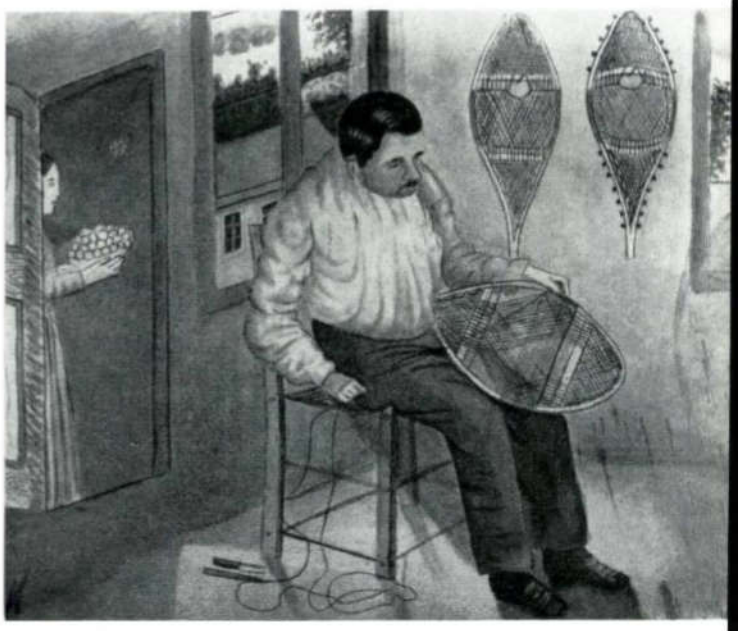
Today, there remain fewer than 1,400 Hurons, Chief Alphonse T. Picard says sadly, estimating 800 of them mixed with the Montagnais at Bersimis (or Betsiamites) down the North Shore of the St Lawrence River; another 550 at Loretteville.

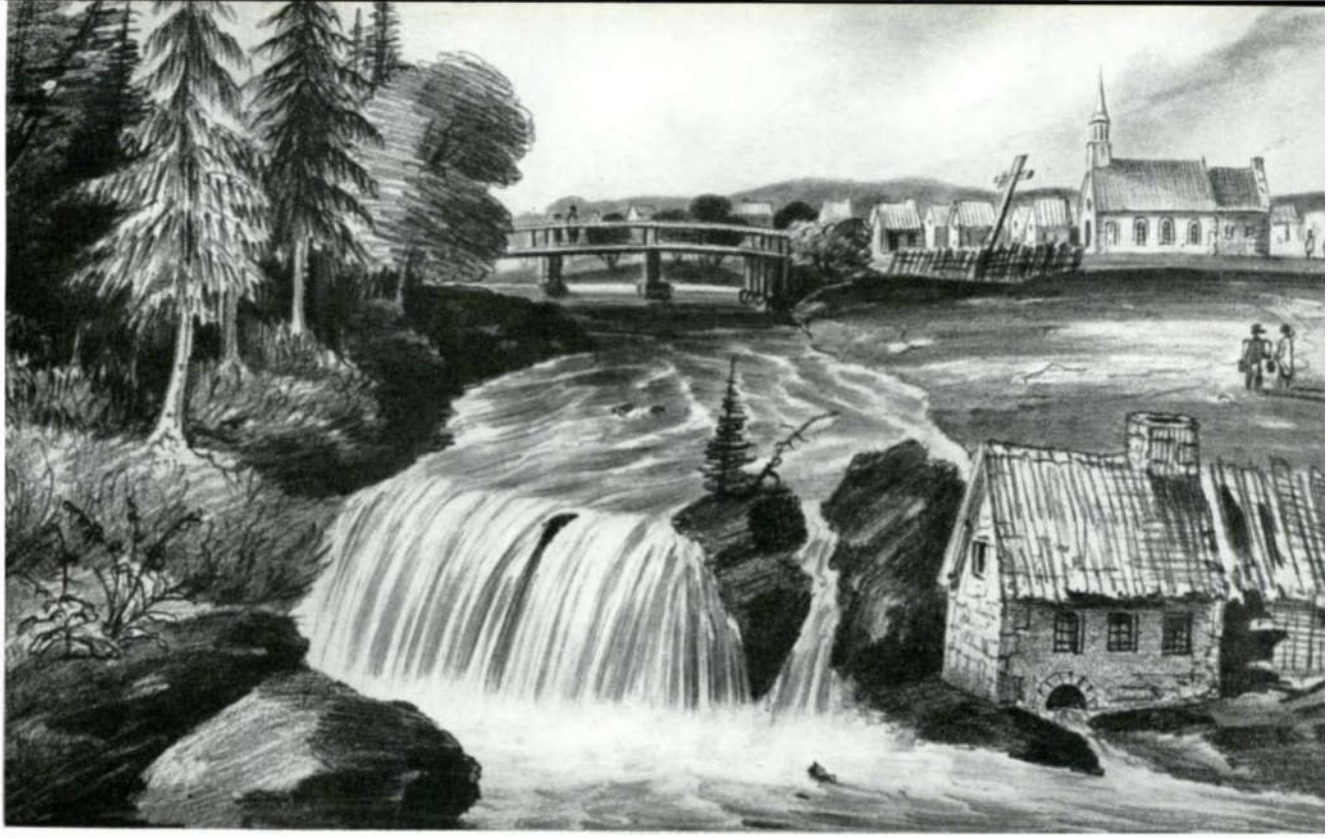
His deft fingers never pausing as he laces a snowshoe with wet cowhide, or checks the spacing with a worn caribou horn, twinkly-eyed, French-speaking Chief Picard talks without rancour now of what happened to his people three centuries ago (1648-9) when, in one of the bloodiest episodes in all Canadian history, they and the remnants of the Jesuit missionaries were driven from Huronia by the Iroquois. Their flight left a trail of blood, scalps, and smoking villages across the mainland to Christian Island in Georgian Bay. Only a small, exhausted remnant of their nation managed to reach Quebec next year. Some settled, finally, in a reserve provided by their French allies at Loretteville; others went farther down the St Lawrence and were accepted among the Montagnais Indians at Bersimis.

When Chief Picard smiles, the gentle humour softly starts in the brown eyes and slowly suffuses the whole face. And he smiles as, in masterly understatement, he explains—in French—"They didn't treat us very well at home. We had to come here for some peace and quiet."

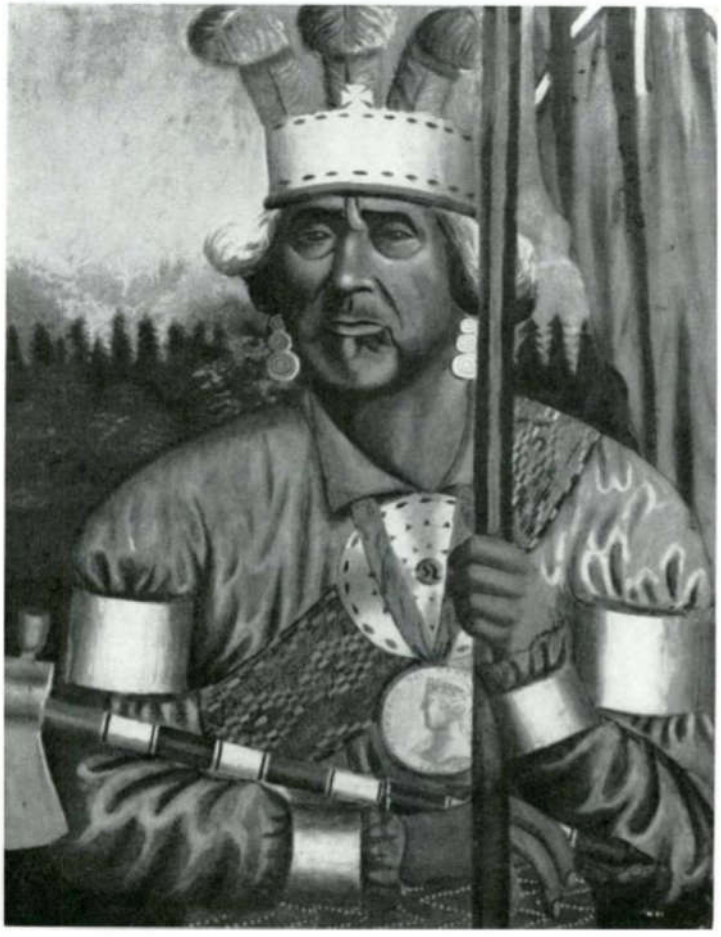
And so, in the peace and quiet of Loretteville, not far from Quebec City, the snowshoes are now made commercially in several small, usually family-owned 'snowshoe factories'. From here, they are shipped all over the

The craft of snowshoe making has changed little, as shown in this nineteenth-century drawing by Zacharie Vincent, a Huron of Loretteville *Chateau de Ramezay*



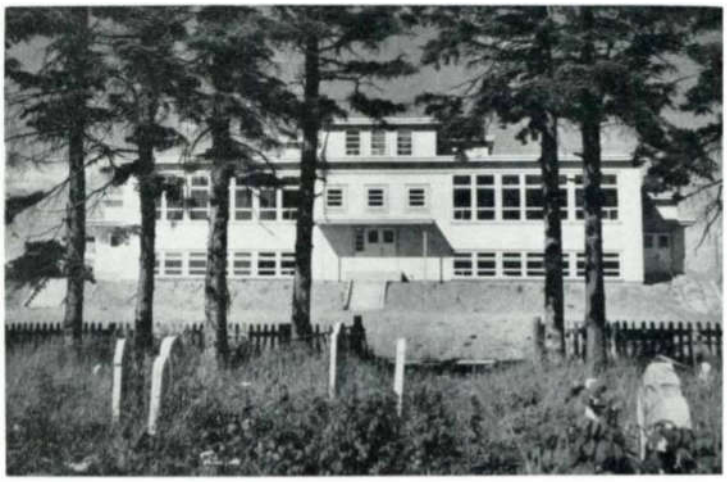


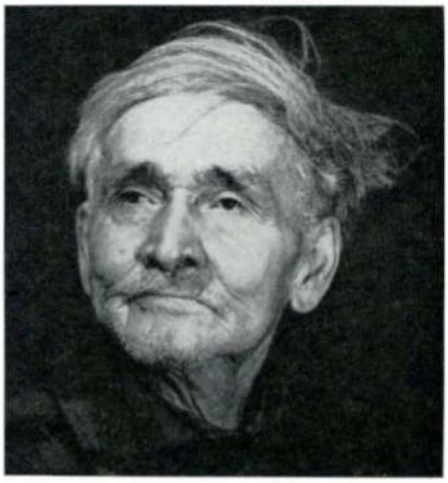
The Indian Village of Lorette, with church and mill, from a sketch in the Public Archives of Canada by Fred Holloway who was working in Quebec 1840-53 *Public Archives*



Self-portrait by Zacharie Vincent, also known as Telariolin, a Huron chief born at Lorette in 1812. This water-colour in the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal, shows him wearing a wampum belt over one shoulder, the Queen's medal, and silver brooch, arm-bands, ear-rings and Huron chief's head-dress with plumes
Chateau de Ramezay

Quebec Film Bureau





At Bersimis a modern school serves the needs of the descendants of the Hurons of Georgian Bay lands

world—even to Norway—as well as to Indian buyers in northern Quebec-Labrador.

The skill itself has changed little. The process still begins with logs of pliable white ash, although now electric saws are used to cut them into pie-shaped wedges, then into strips, tapered at toe and tail, for the snowshoe frames. The strips are steamed and bent around the required patterns, which may be Montagnais, Beavertail, Bear Paw, Cree, Ojibwa, or some other type. Some designs reflect the living conditions of the tribe that first made them. Since the Crees, in their country, had no white ash that could be bent easily, they used the more brittle yellow birch—thus producing the long, tapered Cree shoe, which is still made in two pieces.

For the lacing, cowhide is used, after being prepared in a secret-formula bath. It is worked while still slippery-wet, and, as it dries, it tightens. An expert can string a pair of snowshoes in about two hours; an apprentice can learn the trade in two or three months, if he is skilful.

Down the St Lawrence some 230 miles in Bersimis, the *raquettes* are strung with deerskin, instead of the cowhide more easily obtained in Loretteville. Since early times, this Côté Nord settlement was a mission and a trading post, with a fur trade dating back to around 1672. The Hudson's Bay Company took over the old King's Post in 1831 and has operated it continuously ever since.

Salmon fishing in the river is still restricted to the Indians, but otherwise times are changing. Roads are improving, and a big hydro-electric construction was started by Quebec Hydro in 1953, about 62 miles up the Bersimis River. Timber ranks high in this area because of the fine, close grain produced by rugged growing conditions, and men of Bersimis and other Côté Nord settlements find work in the pulpwood developments strung all along this shore of the St Lawrence River.

Bersimis has an Indian population of a little over 1,200, plus a non-Indian population of about 75. There are two day-schools, built in 1925 and 1953 to serve the Bersimis Reserve exclusively, and which are now overflowing with 290 Indian students and half a dozen non-Indians who are also allowed to attend. To the present ten academic classrooms, will soon be added four more and a gymnasium. Meanwhile, a group of 70 young Indians are participating in an integration program with the town of Ragueneau, about 15 miles east of Bersimis.

Chief Picard would dearly love to see the old language of his people taught in school. He wishes that the youngsters of Loretteville knew more of their ancestors who, in their political organization, agriculture, and home crafts, were second only to the Iroquois, who were of the same linguistic stock.

The earliest farmers and traders of Ontario, the confederation of Hurons called themselves 'Ouendats', or 'Wendats'; others sometimes called them 'Wyandots'. They traded with the Algonquins for canoes; with the Petuns for tobacco. Their *sagamité*, a kind of corn porridge that drew excruciatingly long faces from the early Frenchmen, was, nevertheless, remarkably nourishing. They had pottery, and they had pipes that were beautifully made and carved. Their bark vessels were efficient. Politically, they chose their leaders from the men considered best able to lead, and no chief had the absolute power of a dictator. Brother Gabriel Sagard, the Recollet, described the Hurons in the 1620s as the nobility of the Indian tribes of Canada.

Their history is still being unearthed today in the twentieth century. Farmers still turn over pottery sherds, bone awls, fire stones, and arrowheads in their spring ploughing. Fragments of old weirs have been found at the "Fishing Narrows" of Lake Couchiching, which the Hurons called the lake "with the water squeezed out," because of its narrowness.

In the Petun country in the Blue Mountains near Collingwood, some historians think they have found

A Huron brave preserved in bronze on the Champlain statue at Orillia

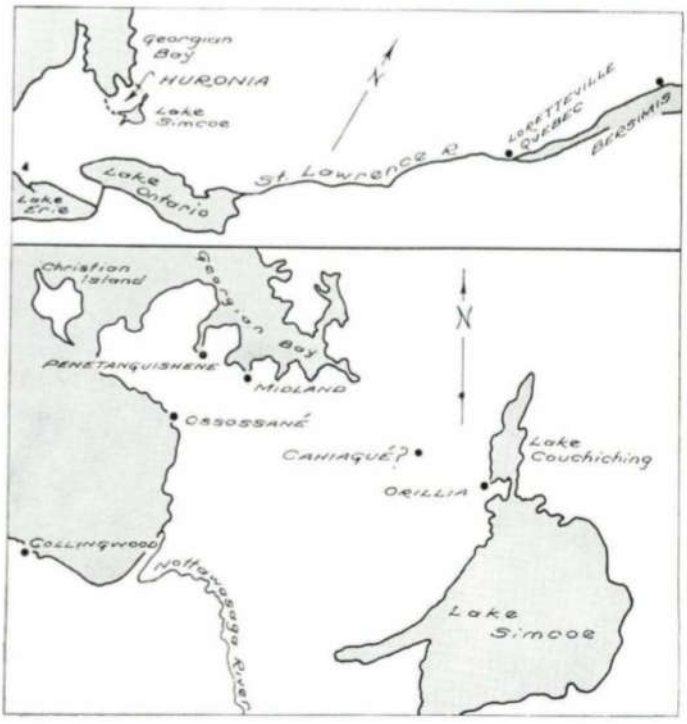
Three centuries ago the Hurons lived in villages such as this one, reconstructed at Midland, Ontario

"Ekarenniondi" (literally, "there a tree lies extended"). This was the ancient Huron "Standing Rock" where Head-Piercer waited for the spirits of the dead, so that he could remove their brains in preparation for life in the next world.

On modern road maps are indelibly printed names of Huron-Iroquois derivation . . . Penetanguishene, the "place of the white rolling sand" . . . Nottawasaga, from an expression meaning "the mouth of the Mohawk River" . . . and, farther south and east, Kawartha, "bright waters and happy lands."

Tobacco still grows on the southern fringes of this land today, but for pipes other than the carved clay pipes of the Hurons. There are other lingering Indian legacies in corn and squash, the springtime boiling of maple syrup, and the canoes—descendants of early Indian canoes—that still skim over Huronia waters. Here hockey is still played in winter by boys who do not even know that the Hurons played a similar game here first.

Sloughing back the top soil and humus of three centuries, archaeologists of the University of Western Ontario and the University of Toronto have found this land riddled with over 400 old Huron sites. As many as 10,000 artifacts have been unearthed in a single longhouse and dump—bone awls, bits of clay pipes, pottery sherds, fish hooks, fire stones, and other items of Huron everyday life. Archaeologists have located, also, many of the Jesuit Missions, including a top-rank archaeological find—the Jesuit headquarters of Fort Ste Marie at the mouth of the Wye River near present-day Midland. Partially re-



constructed today, this palisaded community, three centuries ago, served the spiritual needs of the Hurons, and was a fully self-contained settlement far inland on the continent while other white men were still on the fringes of the ocean.

There was another flurry of excitement with the discovery of the Huron bone pit of Ossossané ("a mound") where the Indians held their burial rituals once every ten or twelve years. Here, high on a bluff overlooking Georgian Bay, were found the bones of over 700 Hurons.

But one of the most elusive sites was the biggest Huron centre of all—Cahiagué, the headquarters of the Rock Tribe and metropolis of the whole Huron country. If Champlain estimated correctly in 1615, Cahiagué contained 200 longhouses inside its bristling palisades, and several families lived in each longhouse. This would make it one of the largest Indian encampments anywhere north of Mexico. Archaeologists now think they have located it, although identification is not absolute. Late in 1961 the Archaeological and Historic Sites Board of Ontario erected a cautiously-worded blue and gold marker, in a farmer's field near Warminster, close to Orillia.

Cahiagué or not, the site is a typical Huron choice, with its fast-moving stream, and its sweeping view of surrounding hillsides on which, to this day, can be found traces of old Indian trails. "Invariably," says Wilfrid Jury, leading Canadian archaeologist and expert on Huron culture, "the old Hurons chose beauty spots for their villages. Their requirements demanded a spot with a view so that they could be forewarned of attack, a ready source of water, and fine forests for hunting."

With Dr Jury have dug tourists, doctors, students, scientists, children—and the children, says the archaeologist, often have the greatest understanding and concern for the past. Under his direction, the past is on display at the Huron Indian Village in Midland. In a fully-equipped longhouse, Indian corn and tobacco hang from the rafters near the smoke hole. Outside, there is corn waiting to be ground under a round grinding stone; moss drying for use in Indian diapers—one of the most efficient and healthy solutions ever devised for a universal problem. A reconstructed steam bath is sometimes used by visitors, with red-hot stones dropped into the tiny bath to produce choking clouds of steam.

In Huronia Museum, Midland, pottery, scrapers, and other Huron artifacts of the area are displayed; others are in museums in Toronto and London, Ontario, as well as the little museum of the Martyrs Shrine near the old site of Fort Ste Marie.

The Jesuits work again in Huronia, although the Hurons themselves never came back. The handful of

Students of archaeology work inwards from the outlines of an ancient longhouse in Huronia

Indians in the area today are mainly Ojibwas, descendants of some of the people who eventually moved into the country abandoned by the Hurons.

The only visible Hurons are sculptured in bronze, on the Champlain Monument in Orillia, and they are the work of Vernon March, who also created the War Memorial in Ottawa. Here, with Champlain and Etienne Brulé and the Jesuit Fathers, the Hurons still stand near their old "Fishing Narrows" of Lake Couchiching, gateway to a land that once belonged to them alone. Sometimes, in Loretteville, Quebec, the old people try to tell the young ones about it. ◆

Wilfrid Jury shows two young diggers how to remove artifacts without damage or breakage

FOND DU LAC means the end of a waterway, a voyageur's term, usually a place where a river flows in or out of a lake. I know a Fond du Lac on Lake Superior where the St Louis empties into waters from the north, another on Lake Winnebago in Wisconsin, a third far to the northwest between Lakes Athabasca and Wollaston, a river that should have been a major fur trading route but because of many rapids and shallows, was never popular. David Thompson, the great map maker, Mr Astronomer Thompson, as he was known to the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies, dreamed of using it as a short cut to far off Fort Chipewyan where Athabasca meets the Slave on its way to the Mackenzie, but this was not to be. His exploration in 1796 was fraught with so many misadventures that only one official expedition followed when J. B. Tyrrell of the Canadian Geological Survey travelled the route a century later.

The records of the past century therefore shed scant light on what the river was like. When little is known about an area, legendry and imagination have a habit of filling in the gaps. So it was with the Fond du Lac we proposed to follow from the height of land west of Reindeer and Wollaston to the head of Lake Athabasca.

As we prepared to leave Winnipeg, we heard the first of these stories from an old timer who claimed to have been close to the country during his prospecting and trapping days.

"The rapids up there are terrible," he told us, "no, they're worse than that, absolutely horrible, and no canoes can run them. The portages were given up so long ago, there isn't a trace of them anywhere, no choice but to shoot or hack your way through."

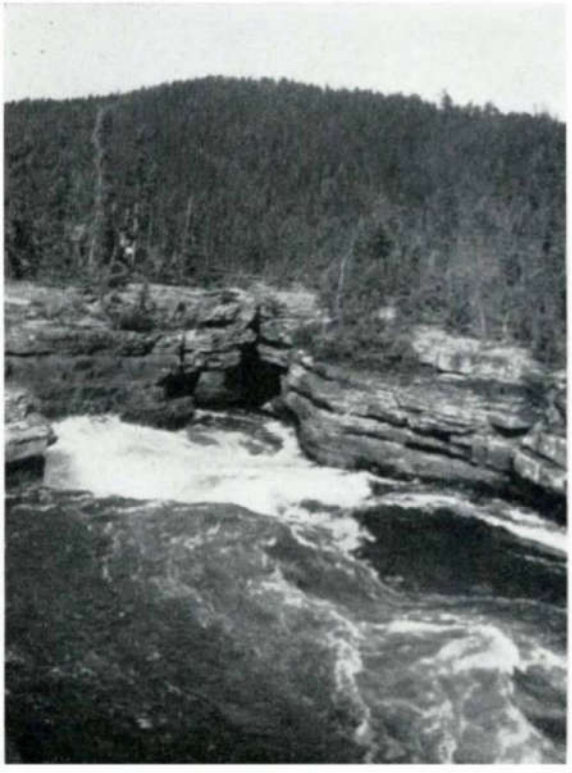
We had excellent aerial surveys and reliable maps. We wondered about the authenticity of the legends, especially one more fantastic than the rest, that had the Fond du Lac disappearing into the ground. "There's one place on that river," an Indian is supposed to have said, "where it goes down into a big hole. None of our people ever go there. It is a spirit place where a Manito lives."

When we reached the end of Wollaston, some ninety miles of open lake with island mirages lying everywhere, we were somewhat curious and not a little apprehensive. Surely, we thought, there must be some basis for these tales, some good reason why no Indians lived there any more. The outlet bay was very pronounced and as we approached there was evidence of flow into the mouth of

Falls on the Fond du Lac River and, opposite page, camp on a rock ledge beside the river

Right: The barrier of rocks where the Fond du Lac River flows out of Wollaston Lake

Below: Manito Falls where the river seems to disappear in a big hole



FOND DU LAC

BY SIGURD F. OLSON

Love of the wilderness, where he has lived and travelled for many years, has resulted in numerous articles and books by Sigurd Olson. This is an excerpt, slightly condensed, from his "Runes of the North" to be published soon by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. *Copyright ©1963 by Sigurd F. Olson.* *The photographs are by Elliot Rodger and the author.*

the river. We were totally unprepared, however, for our first view of the Fond du Lac. The bay narrowed sharply and as we neared, we saw thousands of huge boulders like a wall across the opening of the river. The closer we came, the thicker grew the rocks and we could see nothing but a great unbroken field, with pools of water between.

We paddled along the edge, but nowhere was space wide enough to take a canoe. If this was the mouth of the Fond du Lac, it was almost dry, and if these first rapids were typical, we would have rough going indeed. I climbed out on one of the larger rocks and looked down the river. As far as the first bend, there was no open water in sight but where the river began to swing, there seemed to be a lead. We decided to cross the boulders, see what it was like beyond, and if there were any chance at all, go on if it took until freezeup to cover the hundred and fifty-odd miles to Stony Rapids post.

We tried separate channels through the boulders, probed and retreated, dragged the canoes over the rocks, only to return, eventually deciding there was no way but to portage. Between the boulders was water from two to six feet deep, but none of it continuous. In desperation, we unloaded, shouldered the packs and began jumping from rock to rock. Many of them were slippery and we fell between, but finally the whole outfit was across and piled on the rocks close to the lead of open water which to our joy seemed to be beyond the bend.

We ran two small rapids in succession on our way to Hatchet Lake. They too were full of boulders but at least there were channels of deep water and we had no difficulty. David Thompson, in coming up stream from Black Lake, must have been just as happy at finding the river in good flow, for he said in his diary:

"The River had now increased it's water by the addition of the Porcupine and Trout Rivers, and several Brooks; it had also a great descent; In it's course of One hundred and fifty three miles from the above place of observation in the Black Lake, it meets with, and forms, many small Lakes; and collects their waters to form a Stream of about one, to two, hundred yards in width: it's bottom is sand and pebbles, or rude stones and small rocks, smoothed by the water; on a bed of Limestone, which is the rock of the country; its course is sinuous, from the many hills it meets, and runs round in it's passage; its current is strong, with many rapids, some of them one mile in length: it has four falls. Three of these are about half way down the River; the fourth fall is at the end of a series of rapids, cutting through a high hill; at length the banks become perpendicular, and the river falls eight feet, the carrying place is six hundred yards in length."

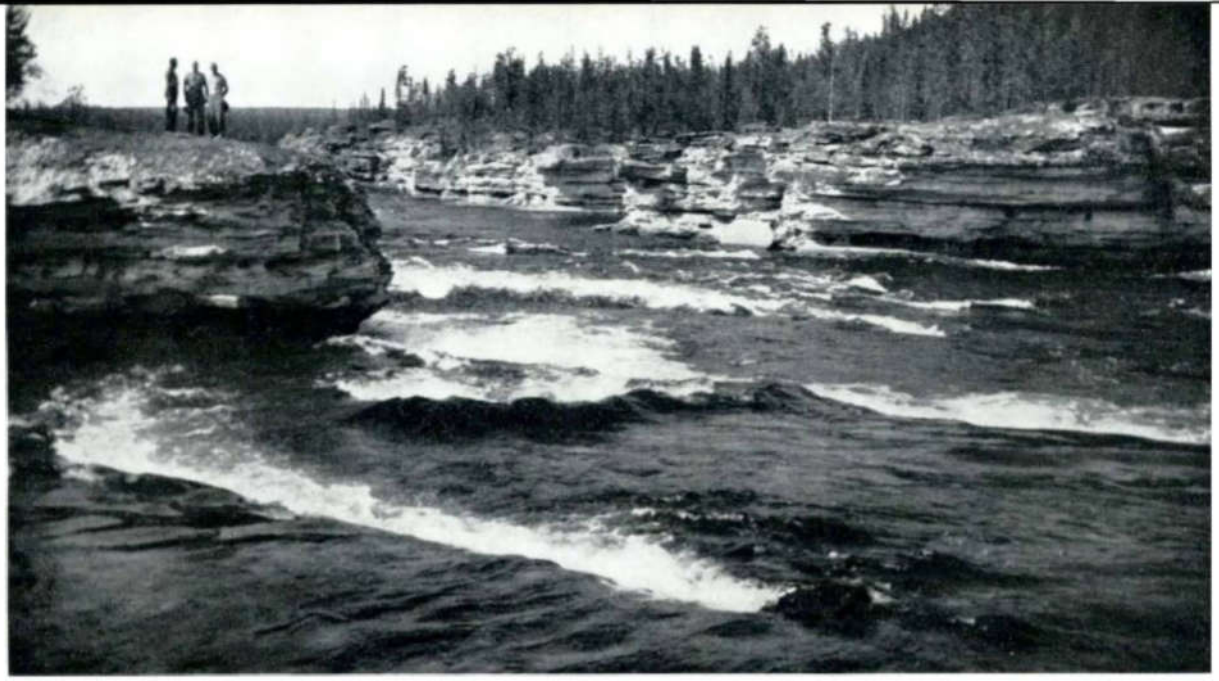
We came to know the Fond du Lac's rapids and enjoyed them, for none were impassable, the boulders cushioned by enough water so that when we hurtled toward them we rode the swirl and were carried past without touching, sweeping from one stretch of white water to another. We portaged around the falls but ran most of the fast water. So confident did we become, that rather than worry about rocks, we watched for grayling leaping ahead of the canoes. Whenever they seemed particularly active, we landed below, broke out the fly rods and began to cast.

I have seen many grayling but never any so completely exciting in their taking of a fly. It may have been that they were really hungry, but they rose clear of the water, sometimes several feet, to take the fly on the way down. As soon as the nose of a fish was close, a twitch of the rod tip and it was on. Almost every cast brought a fish, beautiful ones in those clear, cold waters, sixteen to twenty inches in length, weighing up to two and a half pounds, their chief glory the great iridescent dorsal fin with its bright orange border.

We now knew Thompson's diary by heart and with the river completely navigable, no longer had any fear. Rapids after rapids disappeared behind us and where there was any doubt, we waded the shallows and lined the canoes down with ropes rather than portage. We had left that great outpouring of granite, schist, and basalt that is known all over the north as the Canadian Shield and were now travelling through a sedimentary formation of limestone. The banks had been carved into caves, canyons, and strangely sculptured battlements where the soft and relatively soluble ledges had been subject to the erosion of the river.

Coming around a sharp bend where the water was very fast, we were watching a particularly interesting cavern. The canoe was moving swiftly, no more than twenty feet from shore. Suddenly out of the cave stepped a magnificent wolf. It was yellowish white with a distinct ruff of black over its shoulders. For a long moment it stood there, as though aware of the tableau it made, then loped off leisurely along the bank onto a sandspit and was lost to sight. We landed just beyond. Patches of crowberry and signs of feeding ravens were everywhere, their droppings splashes of purple on rocks and driftwood. The wolf was the first we had seen on the trip and I was thrilled, for more than any other animal in the north, it is the epitome of wilderness.

One night we camped on a high ledge of limestone from which we had a view of the river for miles to the west. So steep was the approach, we were forced to get our water by dropping a bucket on a line into the river. Such



Thompson Falls

a campsite one dreams about, a rushing river below, a view into the sunset, tremendous rock formations on either side. If this should ever become a national park, the scene we now enjoyed might become world famous.

The west reddened and as we sat there in the glow, a moose came out from shore half a mile away, a bull with a great spread of antlers, it walked majestically into the shallows and began wading across, slashing the colour as it advanced. On a long sand bar in the very centre of the river it stopped, head held high, then splashed through the sunset glow until it disappeared in the timber of the opposite bank.

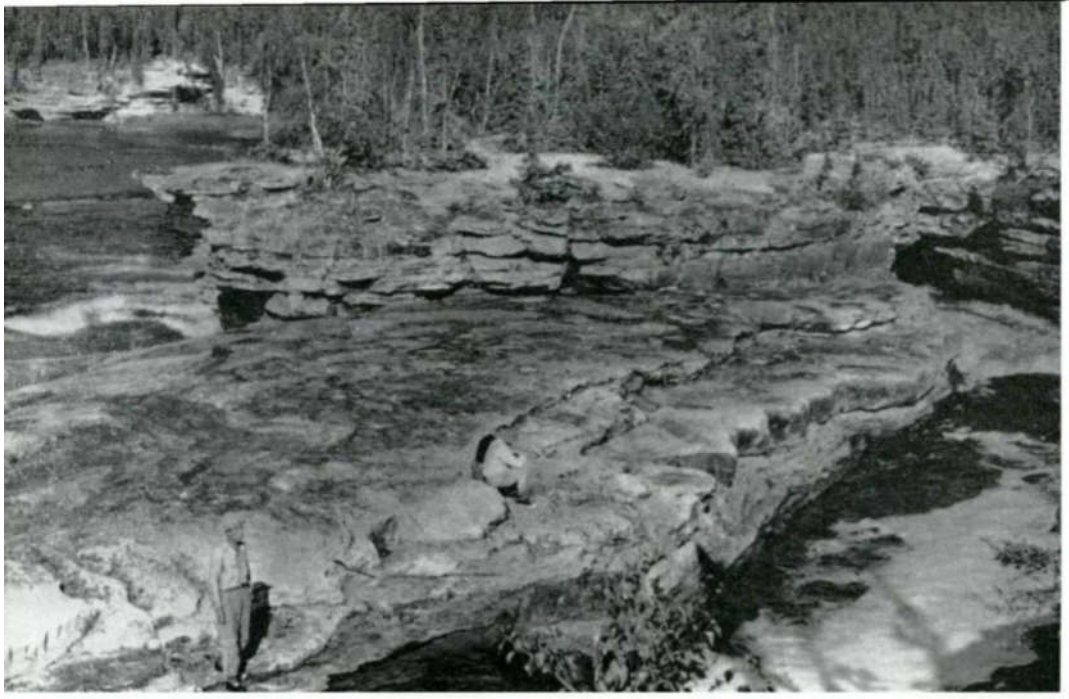
The following day we passed the place where David Thompson came to grief. After many rapids and stretches of fast water, so many we lost count, the river dropped over a series of ledges impossible to run or avoid. We landed well above, looked for a portage and found it on the left side, a trail that skirted a clump of birches close to the water's edge. Here the great mapmaker, accompanied on his journey by only two Indians inexperienced in canoe travel, almost lost his life.

"On our return," he states in his diary, "about half way up the Black River [the Fond du Lac], we came to one of the falls, with a strong rapid both above and below it, we had a carrying place of 200 yards, we then attempted the strong current above the fall, they were to track the canoe up by a line, walking on shore, while I steered it, when they had proceeded about eighty yards, they came to a Birch Tree, growing at the edge of the water, and there stood and disputed between themselves on which side of the tree the tracking line should pass. I called to them to go on, they could not hear me for the noise of the fall, I then waved my hand for them to proceed, meanwhile the current was drifting me out, and

Lining down rapids

having only one hand to guide the canoe, the Indians standing still, the canoe took a sheer across the current, to prevent the canoe upsetting, I waved my hand to them to let go the line and leave me to my fate, which they obeyed. I sprang to the bow of the canoe took out my clasp knife, cut the line from the canoe and put the knife in my pocket, by this time I was on the head of the fall, all I could do was to place the canoe to go down bow foremost, in an instant the canoe was precipitated down the fall (twelve feet) and buried under the waves, I was struck out of the canoe, and when I arose among the waves, the canoe came on me and buried beneath it, to raise myself I struck my feet against the rough bottom and came up close to the canoe which I grasped, and being now in shoal water, I was able to conduct the canoe to the shore."

According to his diary he lost almost everything. "Nothing remained in the canoe but an axe, a small tent



From the limestone ridge on which the author stands at Manito Falls can be seen where the river plunges into an apparent cavern and reappears beyond the rocks

of grey cotton, and my gun: also a pewter basin. When the canoe was hauled on shore I had to lay down on the rocks, wounded, bruised, and exhausted by my exertions."

The Indians had run down along the shore and returned with the precious cork lined box containing his sextant and a few instruments, the papers of his survey, and maps. All Thompson had left was his shirt and a thin linen vest. His companions had also lost everything they owned, so for protection and warmth they cut the tent into three pieces to wrap round themselves as a defence against flies and the cold at night.

The Indians went into the woods to find gum to patch the badly broken canoe, but they were confronted with the problem of starting a fire because they had lost their firesteel and flint. Thompson took the flint from the one remaining gun and he drew out his knife from his pocket to use the steel. "If I had drawn a ghost out of my pocket it would not more have surprized them," he wrote, "they whispered to each other, how avaricious a white man must be, who rushing on death takes care of his little knife."

"I said to them, if I had not saved my little knife, how could we make a fire, you fools go to the Birch Trees and get some touchwood, which they soon brought, a fire was made, we repaired our canoe, and carried all above the Fall and the Rapid, they carried the canoe, my share was the gun, axe, and pewter basin; and Sextant Box. Late in the evening we made a fire and warmed ourselves. It was now our destitute condition stared us in the face, a long journey through barren country, without provisions, or the means of obtaining any, almost naked, and suffering from the weather, all before us was very dark, but I had hopes that the Supreme Being through our Great Redeemer to whom I made my short prayers morning and evening would find some way to preserve us; on the second day, in the afternoon we came on a small lake of the river, and in a grassy bay we saw two large Gulls hovering, this lead us to think they were taking care of their young, we went and found three young gulls, which we put in the canoe, it may be remarked the Gull cannot dive, he is too light; these gulls gave us but little meat. They had not four ounces of meat on them. It appeared to sharpen hunger."

The next day they found an eagle's nest in a birch tree. The Indian, Kozdaw, was sent to rob the nest, but in the midst of his depredations, the old ones arrived and Thompson and the other Indian pelted them with stones and shouted until the young were thrown out of the nest to the ground. Kozdaw picked up one of them, but the young bird drove its talons so deeply into his wrist, Thompson was forced to cut the foot from the body before it was released.

They cleaned and roasted the birds and during the night awoke in the throes of violent dysentery. Thompson made a strong brew of Labrador tea which helped them recover. Day after day from then on they lived on crowberries, which are not nutritious and sometimes even poisonous, until as Thompson said, "both Paddy [the other Indian] and myself were now like skeletons, the effects of hunger, and dysentry, from cold nights, and so weak, that we thought it useless to go any further but die where we were."

Kozdaw was in much better shape than his companions for he had known the danger of eating the fat of eagles and escaped the aftermath of dysentery. His conscience began to bother him for not warning the others and he was concerned for fear they might perish and he be blamed.

"Kozdaw," wrote Thompson, "now burst into tears, upon which we told him that he was yet strong, as he had

not suffered from the disease. He replied, if both of you die, I am sure to be killed, for everyone will believe I have killed you both, the white men will revenge your death on me, and the Indians will do the same for him; I told him then to get some thin white birch rind, and I would give him a writing, which he did, with charcoal I wrote a short account of our situation, which I gave him upon which he said now I am safe."

Finally the starving and desperate men met with a party of Chipewyans who gave them food, a flint, ammunition, shoes, and a kettle, after which Thompson wrote: "We now proceeded on our journey with thanks to God, and cheerful hearts. . . ."

As we sat on our campsite that night listening to the roar of the river below, Thompson was very much with us. Though he had been there over a century and a half before, it could have happened yesterday, so little had the country changed. During the day we had seen several eagles, as well as gulls and ducks, but outside of the wolf, the moose, and one caribou several days back, had seen no game.

What interested me most in his diary was how the character of the map-maker emerged during his time of crisis. Why he told Kozdaw and Paddy to cast him loose, and then cut his tracking line, I do not know, but taking the time while plunging over the falls to place his knife back into his pocket was typical of the man. In the face of death, he did the customary routine thing. His was a mind that brooked no deviation, and he showed here the indomitable will and courage that had carried him all over the northwest.

When we approached Manito Falls, we realized it must be the place where the river was supposed to disappear. From both Thompson's and Tyrrell's accounts we knew it could be no other, and that unless some recent geological catastrophe had taken place, there was nothing to the story we had heard. Nevertheless, we were curious, knowing from past experience that there must be some basis for such a legend. As we neared, the river narrowed, the banks grew more precipitous, and we could hear a roar ahead and see spray and mist over the trees. Rounding a bend, we saw a quarter of a mile away the hole through which the river supposedly plunged.

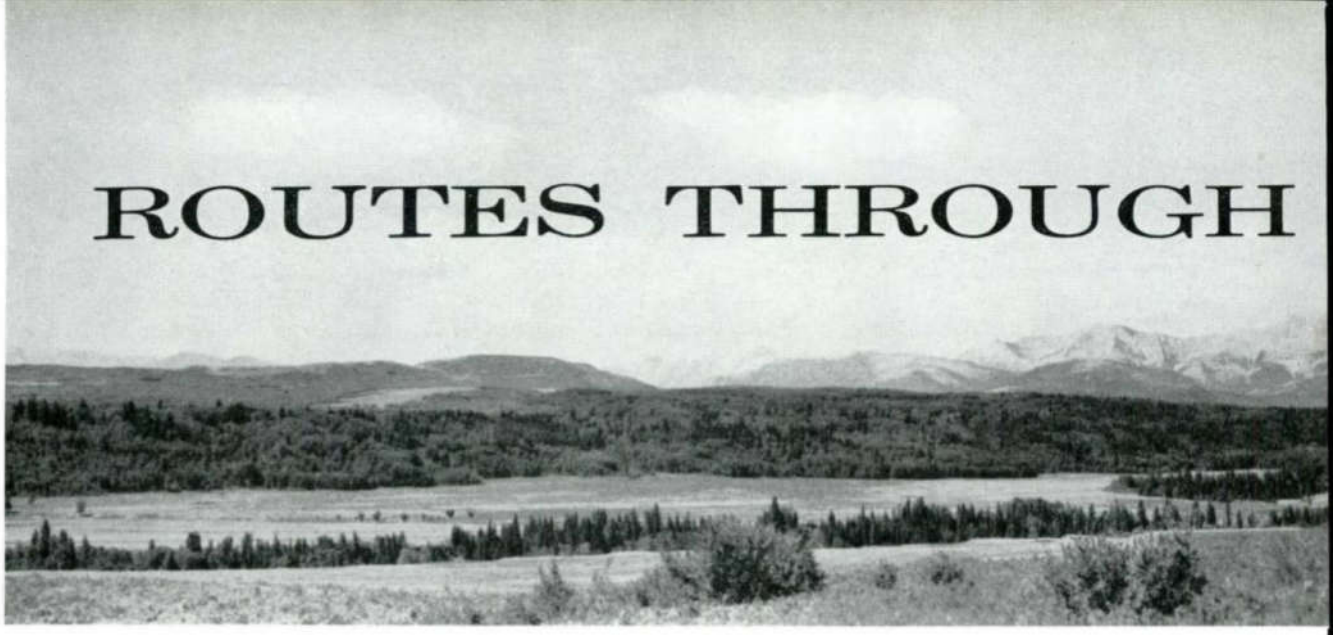
This evidently was the turning point beyond which Indians would not go. We beached the canoes and climbed the bank; from there it seemed as though the river actually did go down into a gigantic opening. We studied the spot and quickly found the reason. At this place the river made a sharp, almost right angled turn, so sharp that even from a height it could not be seen to continue. The rocks on either side were sharply eroded and from where we stood, it looked as though the river went down between the banks. In the canoes once more, we approached warily. The current grew stronger. We hugged the shore. Just before the bend, we landed on a flat shelf and climbed a ridge. From a high rock we could see the river beyond. It did not disappear—it was merely lost to view as it plunged between the steep limestone walls of what had looked like a cavern.

Thompson described it graphically: "For half a mile further the current is very swift; it is then for one hundred and eighteen yards, compressed in a narrow channel of rock only twelve yards in width. At the end of this channel a bold perpendicular sided point of limestone rock projects at right angles to the course of the river, against which the rapid current rushes and appears driven back with such force that the whole river seems as if turned up from its bottom. It boils, foams and every drop is white; part of the water is driven down a precipice of twenty feet descent; the greater part rushes through the point of rock and disappears for two hundred yards; then issues out in boiling whirlpools. The dashing of the water against the rocks, the deep roar of the torrent, the hollow sound of the fall, with the surrounding high, frowning hills form a scenery grand and awful, and it is well named the Manito Fall. While the Nahathaways [Crees] possessed the country, they made offerings to it, and thought it the residence of a Manito; they have retired to milder climates; and the Chepawyans have taken their place who make no offerings to anything: but my companions were so awe struck, that the one gave a ring, and the other a bit of tobacco. They heard of this Fall, but never saw it before."

It was mid afternoon so we decided to pitch our camp near the falls. We found a good place for the tents back from the water's edge and a cooking spot on a flat ledge in full view of the river's awesome drop to the gorge below. A gull sat quietly on a point of rock to one side of the falls. Every so often it would take off to circle the swirl below, usually picking up a small fish before returning to its perch. We slept to the thunder of the falls.

In the morning we made the portage and pushed down the current. As we rounded the first bend, the sound of Manito Falls was gone and with it the legend of the river that disappeared and all the fearsome stories we had heard. If legends are runes, we had run them down; if runes are truths, feelings, and mysteries, we had found them on the Fond du Lac, but more than that was our sense of having travelled with a great explorer, Mr Astronomer Thompson, and known the joys and hazards that were his on this forgotten and seldom used route of the past. ◆

ROUTES THROUGH



Palliser's precursors in the passes leading through the Rocky Mountains from the headwaters of the Saskatchewan River

BY IRENE M. SPRY

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO Palliser set out to ascertain what feasible routes there might be through the southern Rocky Mountains in British territory. Almost nothing precise was then known of possible passes leading from the headwaters of either the North or South branch of the Saskatchewan.

By contrast, passes from the headwaters of the Missouri River, south of the United States border, had been explored by a succession of fur traders, trappers and government explorers. These last, from Lewis and Clark in 1804-5 to the railroad surveyors of the 1850s, had made detailed records of alternative routes.

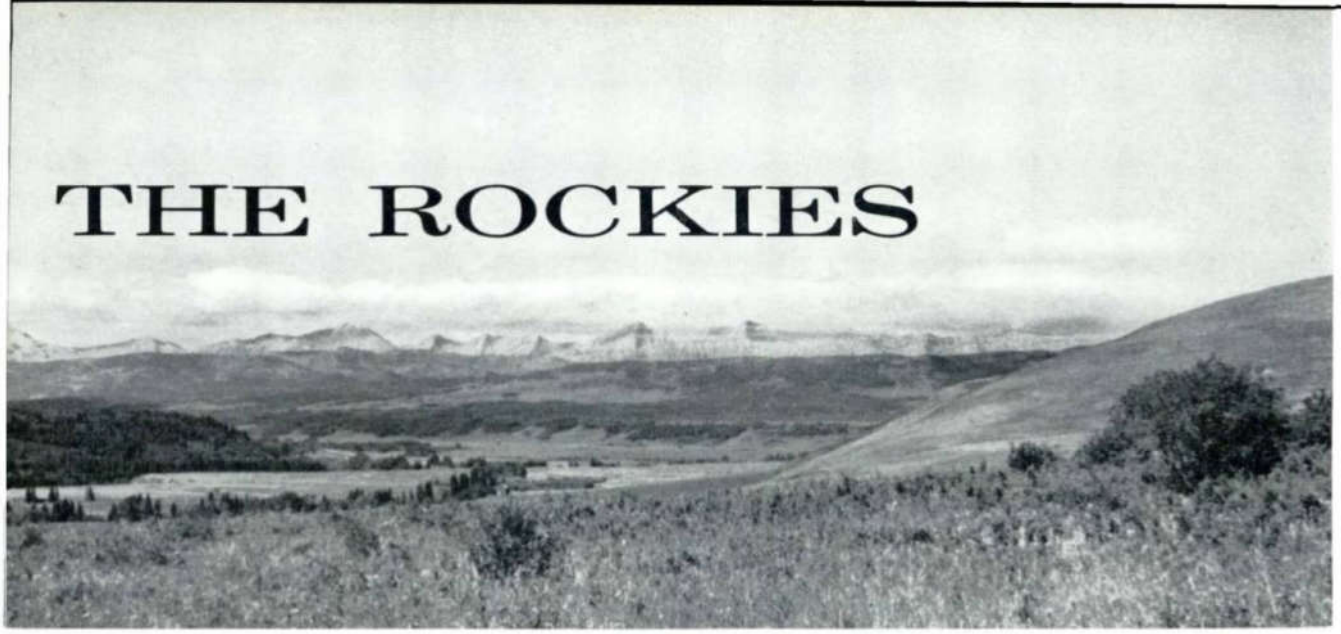
Passes from the headwaters of the Mackenzie system, far to the north, had also been explored and recorded. Alexander Mackenzie in 1793 had made the first crossing of the continent, north of Mexico, to the Pacific, penetrating the Rocky Mountains by the Peace River. This route had subsequently been used both for the fur trade and for further exploration, notably for Simon Fraser's fantastic descent of the turbulent river which bears his name. Farther south, a route from another of the tributaries of the Mackenzie, the Athabasca River, led up a feeder stream, the Whirlpool River, and through the Athabasca Pass, an impressive defile between the glaciers of Mount Brown and the so-called Mount Hooker (probably the McGillivray's Rock of the early voyageurs and so called again today) to the Wood and Canoe Rivers, to join the Columbia River at the northernmost point of the Big Bend at Boat Encampment. This route had become a portage link on the transcontinental waterway which the Nor'Westers established from Montreal to the Pacific and which the men of the Hudson's Bay Company took over, after the merger of 1821.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the North Saskatchewan itself had become the main highway across the prairies to the Rockies and the Far West, but even then passengers and freight made a traverse across country over the height of land between that river and the Athabasca River, from which they crossed the Rockies with horses in summer and with sleds and snowshoes in winter. The Athabasca Pass was well known and had been carefully examined and described, not only by the great fur trader-explorer, David Thompson, who first put it on record, but by many subsequent travellers, such as Franchère the Astorian, Douglas the botanist, Paul Kane the painter, Father de Smet the Jesuit missionary, and Lieutenants Warre and Vavasour.

Some three hundred miles of mountain lay between this familiar British pass and the American passes from the Missouri. It was known that this mountain wall was

With degrees in economics and social research, Mrs Spry has had an active career as economist and historian in Canada, the United States, and England. A five-year study of Palliser will culminate in a book about the expedition of 1857-60 to be published shortly by Macmillans

THE ROCKIES



Looking west to the Rocky Mountains from Longview on the Highwood River
Robin Spry

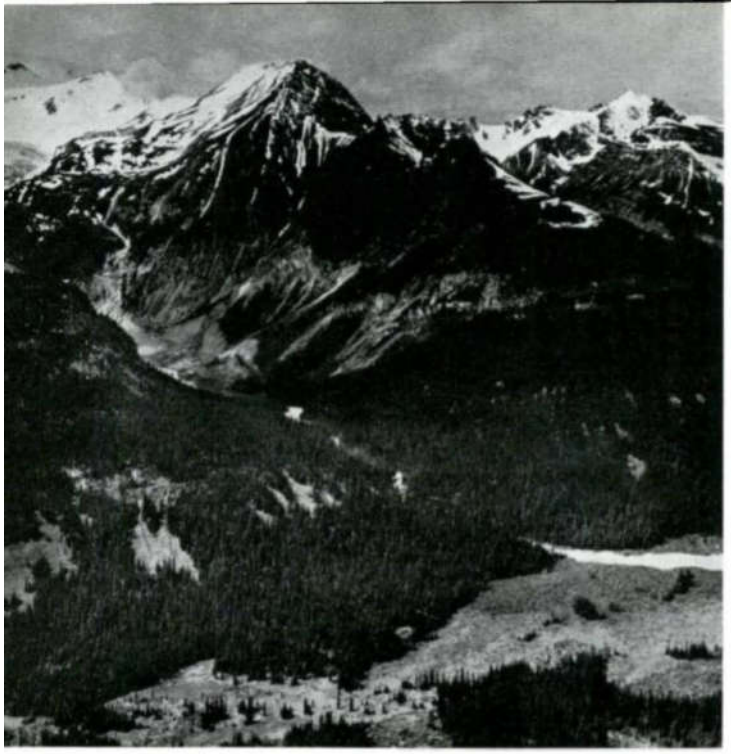
pierced by some passes which could be reached from the headwaters of the two branches of the Saskatchewan River, but there was remarkably little definite information available about them in published, or even unpublished records. Black's *Atlas* of 1856, used by the Colonial Office that year and the next, showed an unbroken wall of mountains north from the Missouri Passes to the Athabasca Pass. In 1857, when Palliser set off, Professor Nicolay said at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in London that it was "distinctly asserted by those who ought to know that there is no practicable pass in the Rocky Mountains for about 180 miles from the Kootonais Pass to that between Mounts Brown and Marker [Hooker]" (*i.e.*, the Athabasca Pass). He went on to suggest that this could not possibly be so, and that he was sure that Palliser would find a pass.

Actually a number of both Hudson's Bay Company men and Nor'Westers had long before probed into the mountains and some had crossed the range from streams feeding one or other branch of the Saskatchewan. In his "Journal of a Journey overland from Buckingham House to the Rocky Mountains in 1792-3" Peter Fidler, the great explorer of the Hudson's Bay Company, referred to Hudson's Bay Company "people" who had visited the Rockies before and understood a little of the language of the "Pe kan our or Muddy river Indians" (Piegans) with whom they had spent several winters. He himself with a companion, J. Ward, travelled along the eastern edge of the Rockies from the Devil's Head (north of the Ghost River) to Chief Mountain, which the Indians called "The King" or "The Governor of the Mountains", just south of the border. He collected information about possible passes from every conceivable source, though he does not appear to have crossed the mountains himself. His as yet unpublished journals, which did not reach London until the 1920s, mention Indians who habitually crossed the mountains, but he adds that once frequented trails had fallen into disuse and become overgrown, since smallpox had in 1781 carried off many of the Kootenay tribe which had used them. He wrote in 1800 of the journey he made in 1792-3: "The Mountain [Fidler nearly always refers to the whole Rocky Mountain range in the singular] appears high—awful & very grand all along."

Fidler was eager to meet the Kootenays. The Piegan Indian chief, with whom he was travelling, "used every method in his power except force to persuade" him to return. Although there was at the time a precarious peace between the two tribes the Chief was afraid the Kootenays might hurt Fidler; he wanted no harm to come to him while in his care, but Fidler "strongly insisted" on going forward to see the country and meet the Kootenays. After talking, near Chief Mountain, to a Kootenay chief, he concluded:

> There is no way of Passing over these Mountains in these Latitudes except along rivers & here it is attended with great hardship & danger; These Indians slept 5 nights from the Western to this place which as I could find from the Indians is about 40 mile a SWbS Course. They say that it is nearly of an equal breadth from the report of different Indians who have crossed over it in different places.
>
> Beyond the Mountain to the Westward in this Latitude & as far nearly North as the Devil's Head a fine open country & little used—not a single Buffalo on that side the mountain being so steep and wide, that it appears like a high perpendicular wall across all these parts, which impassably prevents those useful animals to Indians, which offered them both Food and Clothing—from going there. . . .

In the fall of 1800 two Canadians accompanied a band of twenty-eight Kootenay men and two women on their return journey across the mountains after these had come



Howse Pass summit looking northwest
Surveyor General DM&TS

for the first time to trade a few furs at Acton House ("an uppermost Settlement in the Saskatchewan"). Fidler noted that:

> . . . as these two men could neither read or write, what remarks they made was merely verbal—to the following purport— . . . in going out they crossed over the Mountain near the source of the Saskatchewan in an oblique direction the latter place was more easy to pass than the former across the Mountain— . . . more Northerly the Mountain is wider and more difficult to cross—beyond the Mountain there is extensive plains intersected with wood in Places, when another rocky Mountain rears its lofty head, in a parallel direction with the main one and nearly as high—several of these single detached mountains was seen by these men running nearly Parallel with one another and with the main one which the Indians report continues in that manner to the Western shores of this Continent—but particularly so more to the Northwards.

These two Canadians were probably the La Gassi (or La Gassé or Charles Lagasse) and Le Blanc whom local tradition holds to have been the first white men to cross what is now called Howse Pass.

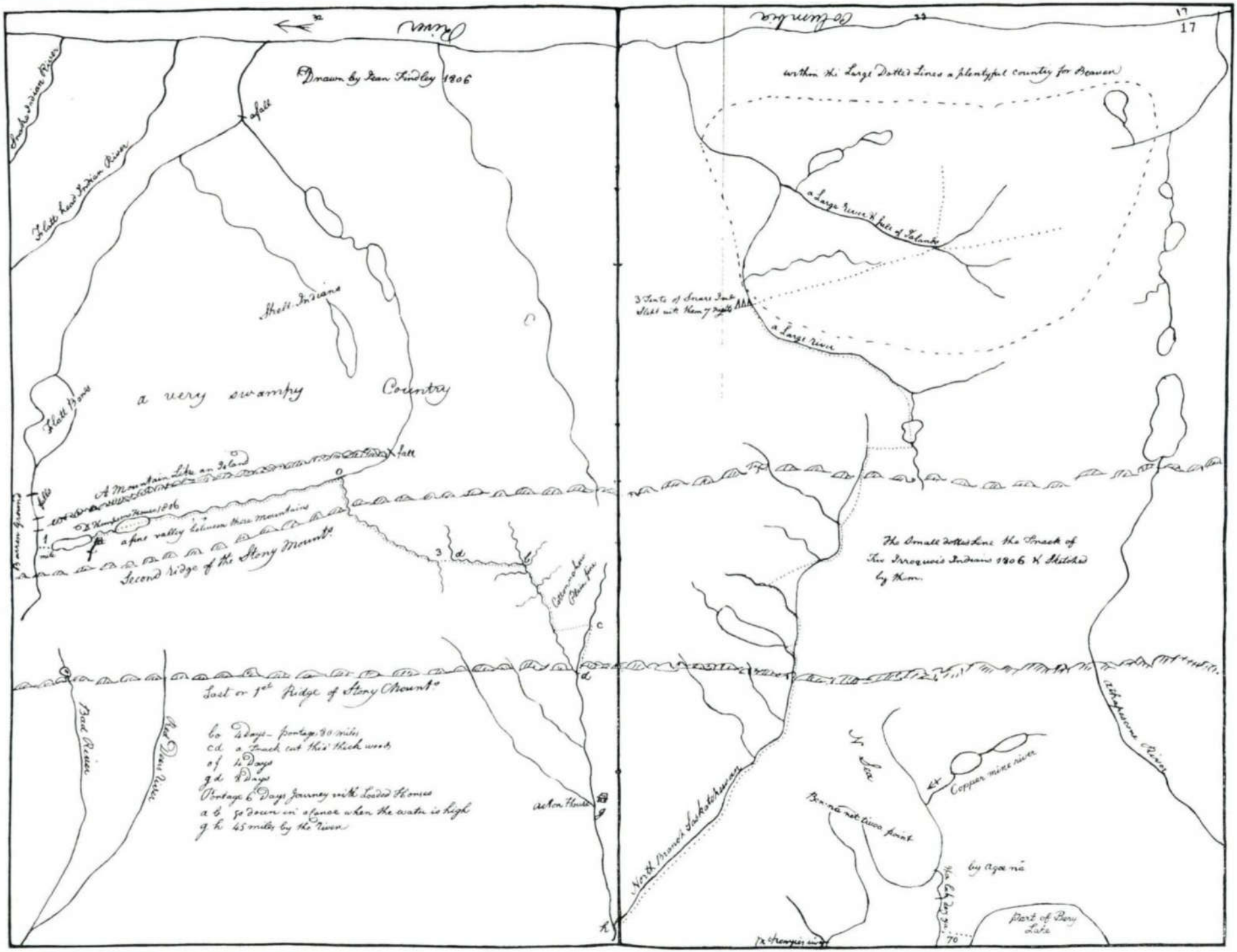
Among Fidler's records there are a number of sketch maps and several carefully drawn schematic maps showing the relationship of the headwaters of the Athabasca, the two branches of the Saskatchewan and the Missouri with "The Stony Mountain" and with the feeders of the Columbia River system. One of these maps, dated 1801, is stated to be the work of The Feathers, a Blackfoot chief. Another of the same date is by another Blackfoot Indian. Using such material Fidler drew a big, beautifully finished map of the different tribes on the east and west sides of the Rockies showing the rivers, etc., published in 1961 in *The American Heritage Book of Indians.*

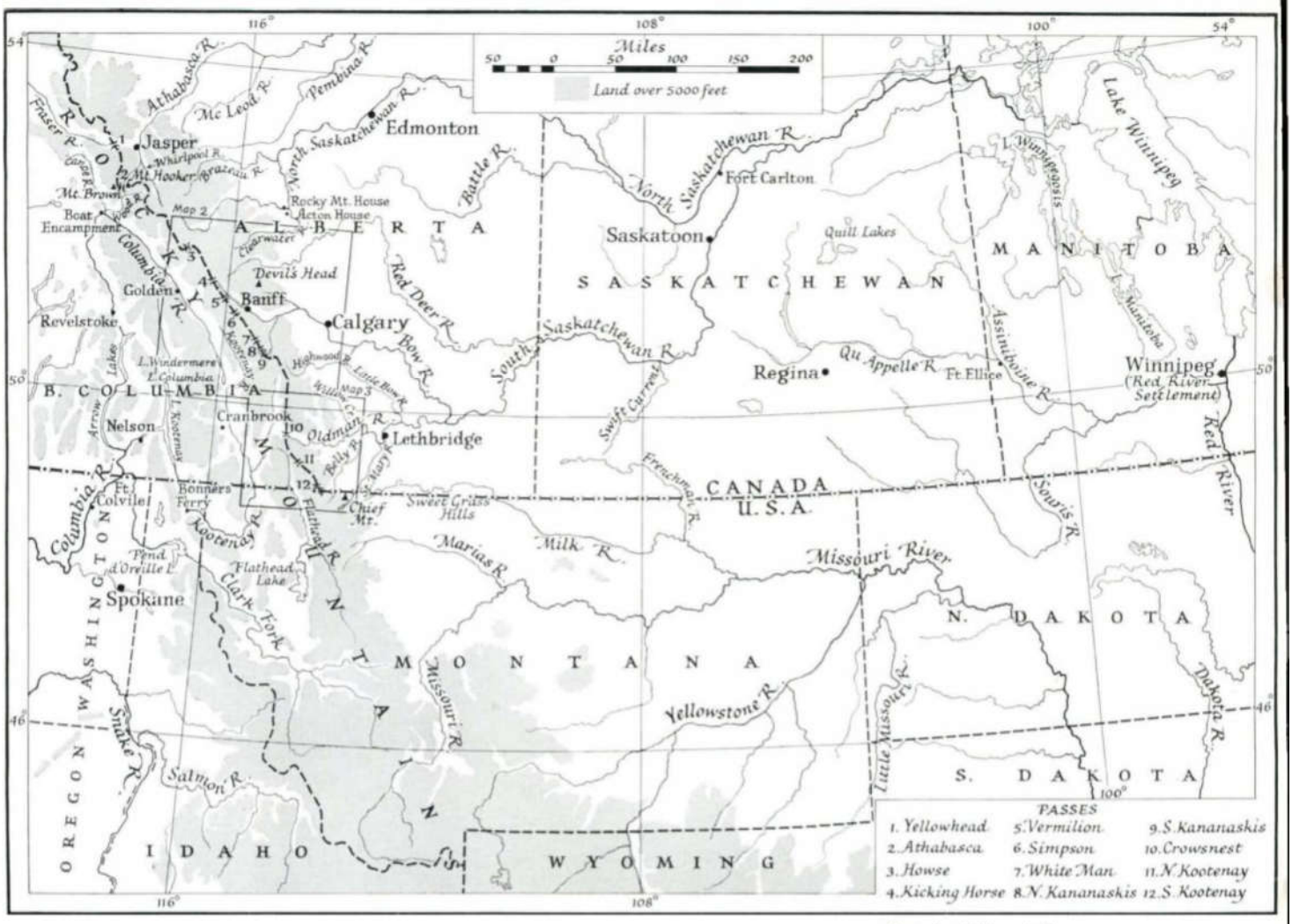
Another map (opposite) was drawn by "Jean Findley" in 1806—presumably the Jaco Finlay who was sent over Howse Pass by David Thompson to cut trails before the great attempt by the Nor'Westers in 1807 to establish a firm transmontane route. A letter from Peter Fidler (3 May) also refers to three maps sent to England on 11 March 1812 which, he says, have been extracted from the papers and a sketch of James Whitway "a very intelligent person" and from the information he has received from David Thompson. All these observations and records were presumably used in the great map of 1821-27, which is inscribed "A Map laid down from the sketches and observations of Mr. Peter Fidler for J. G. McTavish Esquire by G. Taylor Junior". On this, besides the Athabasca and its tributaries, are marked fair approximations to the courses of the North Saskatchewan, the Red River, the Bow and the Belly Rivers, right up to the mountains, with a guess at the Columbia system on the other side.

Among the Nor'Westers Duncan McGillivray and David Thompson had made a careful reconnaissance in 1800-1 along the eastern edge of the Rockies from Highwood River to the Bow and up the Bow to the vicinity of Exshaw. In 1801 Thompson, understudying for Duncan McGillivray, who was unwell, had tried to find a way up the Sheep River through the mountains, but had been forced to turn back by flood waters. Professor A. S. Morton believed that there was sufficient evidence to conclude that later on that year Duncan McGillivray had made an unrecorded journey through the mountains (which Thompson named "Duncan's Mountains" on his map) to the Kootenay (which for long was known as "McGillivray's River") and so across "McGillivray's Portage" (Canal Flats), connecting the Kootenay and the Upper Columbia Lake, the source of the Columbia. This idea was the subject of a resounding controversy between Professor Morton and Dr J. B. Tyrrell. The somewhat obscure evidence suggests that McGillivray did not but that just possibly Thompson did cross the mountains that year. However, as Peter Fidler describes the abortive attempt on 6 June 1801 made by Thompson, Hughes, and nine Canadians, but makes no mention of any later 1801 crossing, it seems doubtful whether even Thompson crossed the mountains that year.

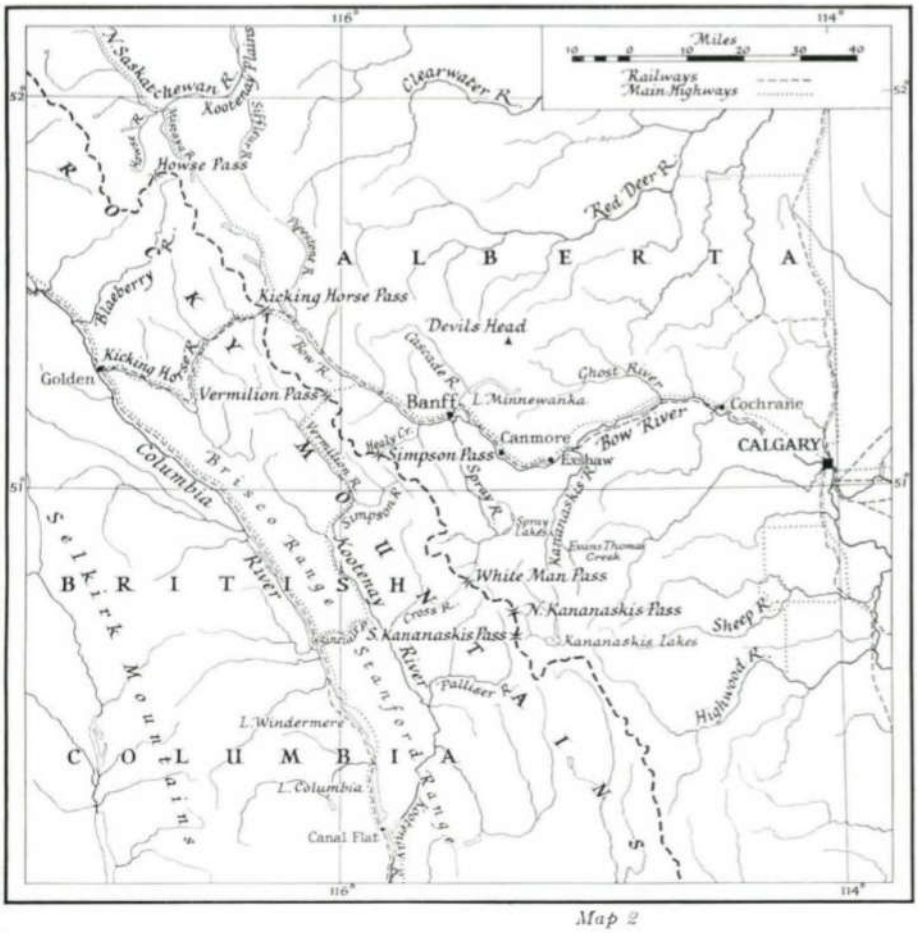
However that may be, Thompson in 1807, following the earlier journeys by his men, La Gassi and Le Blanc in 1800 and Jaco (Jacques Raphael) Finlay in 1806, crossed Howse Pass from the North Saskatchewan with the help of Finan McDonald, using the trails which Jaco Finlay had cut on his instructions, but—to his anger—neither well nor wide enough for pack-horses. He and

Hitherto unpublished map from Fidler's journal in the H B C Archives 'drawn by Jean Findley 1806' (lettering has been retraced for legibility)


Drawn by Jean Findlay 1806
Slave Indians River
Slave head Indian River
a falls
Shell Indians
a very swampy Country
Slave Indians
A Mountain Like an Island
Second Ridge of the Stony Mountn.
a fine valley between these Mountains
Last or 1st Ridge of Stony Mountn.
Beaver Indians
Beaver Indians River
Red Deers River
Carrow Deer Mountain
Indian Houses
Within the Large Dotted Lines a plentyful country for Beaver
a Large River & falls of Talcumbe
3 Tents of Sioux Indians Slain with Henry
a Large River
The small dotted Line the Track of the Iroquois Indians 1806 & Sketched by them
Copper mines River
Coppermine River
Great Slave Lake
Fort of Bery Lake
by Agawa



Maps by Jillian Andrew



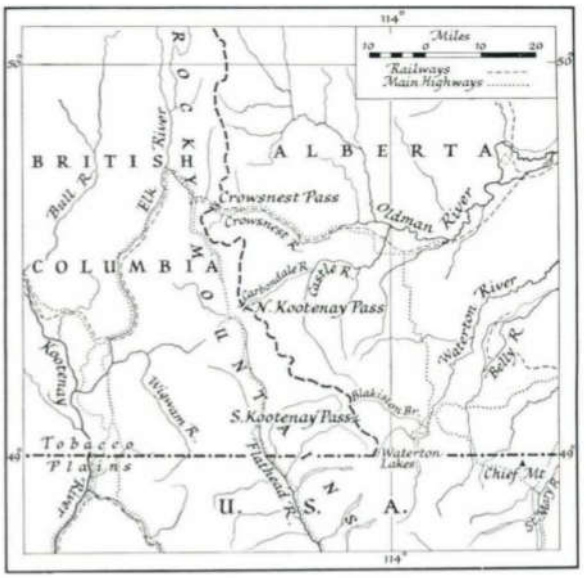
Map 2

Piegan

Kootenay

from engravings by Karl Bodmer in B C Archives

Looking for a ford, McGillivray or Kootenay River, by H. J. Warre — *B C Archives*



Map 3

his associates (including Henry, McMillan, Montour) used this pass for four years in trading with the Kootenay Indians, west of the Rocky Mountains, in the Columbia-Kootenay Valley. In 1810 Joseph Howse, of the Hudson's Bay Company, also crossed this pass, which was later known by his name, rather oddly, and not by that of Thompson or Thompson's predecessors.

The Piegan Indians, the tribe of the Blackfoot Confederacy with whom Fidler had travelled, frequented the approach to Howse Pass. They were not pleased that it should be used for trade in ammunition and guns and knives and hatchets with their traditional enemies, the Kootenays, with whom they were once more at war. They were good friends of David Thompson's, but they would not tolerate even a friend travelling through their country to trade with their bitter foes. It was only while they had been away in the Missouri country to take reprisals for the death, at the hands of white men, of members of the Blackfoot Confederacy, that Thompson had been able to explore the pass in the first place. Now they made it clear that they would not let him use it; he had to find another route, farther north, beyond the lands where warlike Piegans and Blackfoot ranged. It was then that he examined the Athabasca Pass, the first pass to the north of Howse Pass over which it is possible to take pack-horses. This soon became the normal route across the mountains in British territory. Howse Pass fell into disuse and oblivion, until Doctor Hector (later Sir James), Palliser's geologist, rediscovered it in 1858.

Two passes farther south leading through the mountains from headwaters of the South Saskatchewan had been described before 1850 in published works, one by Sir George Simpson, the Governor in North America of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the other by Father de Smet, the Jesuit missionary. Lieutenant Warre had also described a pass which is believed to be the same pass that de Smet described.

Sir George, a fabulous traveller, had in 1841 been planning to cross the Rockies, on a journey round the world, by the normal Athabasca Portage* route, which he had already traversed once. (He had also crossed the Rockies by the Peace River route still farther north.) At Red River he was met by John Rowand, the veteran Chief Factor in charge of Fort Edmonton, who brought with him some "Columbia guides". These guides thought that the Columbia would be in full flood at the time Sir George proposed to descend it and that such an attempt would be foolhardy. Accordingly he changed his plans, arranging to go by horse, instead of by boat, and to cross the mountains farther to the south, by a pass which it was believed no white man had used before. Rowand had already engaged Peechee, stated to be "a halfbreed native of the Kootonais country," but also a "chief of the Mountain Crees", to guide the party through the mountains. As it turned out, Peechee did not take them by the most direct nor the easiest pass, but he did lead them successfully from the headwaters of the Red Deer River through "the Devil's Gap" (south of Devil's Head) to Lake Minnewanka, and so to the Bow River near Banff; up feeders of the Bow, Brewster Creek and Healy Creek; over the crest of the Rockies; and down Simpson River to the Columbia-Kootenay Valley. There, just north of Lake Windermere, the party eventually found the fresh guide (Edward Berland, a Canadian) who should have met them at what Peechee called "The Bow River Traverse," on the Bow River near Banff. He had been delayed by illness. A third guide, a half-breed called William Pion, joined them still later, having been sent from Fort Colvile to take Berland's place when news of his illness had reached that post.

Sir George's description of the pass was published in his book, *Narrative of a Journey Round the World During the years 1841 and 1842*. This did not appear until 1847, and is not in every detail identical with the original manuscript, nor with letters he wrote while he was on his journey, nor even with letters written by him in 1845, when he was helping with plans for a secret reconnais-

* *Beaver*, Winter 1960

Simpson Pass looking north, photographed by the Boundary Commission fifty years ago *Surveyor General DM&TS*

sance of the Oregon. The general descriptions of the crossing all agree, however, that the route was a difficult and exhausting one, and that it passed through scenery that was splendid, though less spectacular than the scenery of the Athabasca Pass. It took the party twenty-two days to travel from Fort Edmonton on the North Saskatchewan to Fort Colvile on the Columbia; they were five days actually in the mountains. Sir George wrote that the country they passed through "is extremely rugged and precipitous, and in many cases, we found it almost impassable, even with light horses, the whole route lying through thick forests, deep moraines, and over stupendous rocks." Dr J. M. Thorington (noted mountaineer and author of books about the Canadian Rockies) and Mr A. O. Wheeler (founder of the Alpine Club of Canada) write that his name and the date of his crossing were carved on a tree at the summit of the pass which bears his name today. Though the tree subsequently fell down and was taken away it had served to identify the pass. This was fortunate as Sir George's description was a very general one, though there is one definitely recognizable feature recorded, namely the "Hole in the Wall" through a limestone mountain south of Healy Creek, five miles below the summit of the pass.

The same year, 1841, a party of emigrants from Red River, crossed the mountains under the leadership of James Sinclair, son of a Scottish father and partly Cree mother. A graduate of the University of Edinburgh, challenger of the Hudson's Bay Company monopoly and a leader among the native-born Red River settlers, he had led the band of one hundred and sixteen men, women and children from Red River Settlement to the lower Columbia River. Duncan Finlayson made the arrangements for the emigrants' journey. He wrote, as if of a familiar route: "It is intended they shall proceed by the Saskatchewan and across the Kootonais portage." Whether Finlayson had crossed the "Kootonais Portage" himself is not known. Both he and Simpson wrote of this "Kootonais Portage" as if it was a definite, accepted route, but what this was is not clear. Indeed, as early as 1824 Simpson, on the advice of Chief Trader James McMillan (who had crossed the mountains both with David Thompson and on his own account), was thinking of using this route for bringing out the furs from the Columbia, writing that Kootenay River "takes its source in the mountain a little to the Northward of the Portage of the same Name." On the other hand, the manuscript of Simpson's book says that plans were made at Red River for his party to cross ". . . the mountains to the Southward of the Kootonais portage . . ." This suggests that by "the Kootonais portage" he may have meant Howse Pass, leading from the Kootenay Plains, a route formerly used by the Kootenay Tribe. The reference might equally have been to one of the Kootenay passes, just north of the border, an idea to which Colonel Robertson-Ross's diary of a journey in 1872 lends support, if usage had not changed meanwhile. He wrote: ". . . have decided to go by the Kootenais or the St. Clair pass to B. Columbia . . .". In fact he travelled through the Rockies by the North Kootenay Pass.

The reference to "the St. Clair [Sinclair] pass" further complicates the problem of the identity of the pass which Sinclair actually used; ". . . the Kootenais or the St. Clair pass . . ." suggests two alternative passes, as does a later entry in the Robertson-Ross diary: ". . . Mr. Moberly . . . stated that I could go from Edmonton to Kootenais via St. Clair or Vermilion Pass—with pack-horses—in about 16 days, that the distance was 400 miles. . . ." The name Sinclair (St. Clair) Pass has not survived for any contemporary pass through the main

Right, ridge at summit of White Man Pass (showing boundary line) and, far right, north summit of the North Kootenay Pass
Surveyor General DM&TS

chain of the Rockies, only in a pass between Brisco and Stanford Ranges (on today's Banff-Windermere Highway), but these references certainly suggest that Sinclair Pass was a well recognized route at the time.

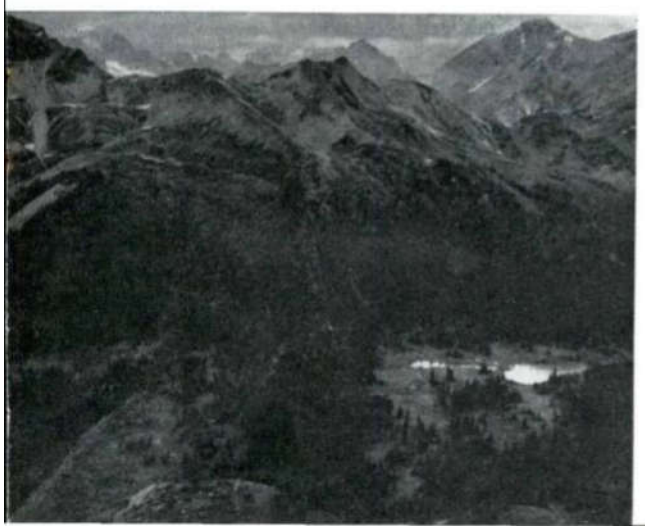
Sir George's party, travelling at top speed, had, between Carlton and Edmonton, passed Sinclair's emigrant train of twenty-three families with fifty-five carts and horses, cattle and dogs. Sir George assembled the leaders and men in council with John Rowand and himself. Rowand thought that, as they were moving very slowly, the emigrants would be overtaken by winter before they could get over the mountains. They were therefore to change their plans and go by the Athabasca water route. Sir George made careful arrangements to this end, but, doubtless to his chagrin, Sinclair for some reason after all stuck to the original idea and succeeded in leading the group overland through the mountains, in spite of the defection, at Bow River, of the guide they had taken on at Carlton. Sir George in his book wrote of this guide as a "half-breed of some education," perhaps mixing him up with James Sinclair himself, the leader of the train, or perhaps writing of someone else. By good fortune Sinclair's party encountered an Indian, who apparently knew the mountains better than Sir George's own guide; this was Bras Croche (alias Mackipictoon, a Cree chief). Sir George wrote that this Indian "conducted them through a still more Southerly pass than we pursued, not only shorter but better in every respect, so that even with families, and encumbered with baggage as they were, they effected the passage of the Mountains with infinitely less labour, & in a shorter time than we accomplished it"—a surprise for the champion traveller!

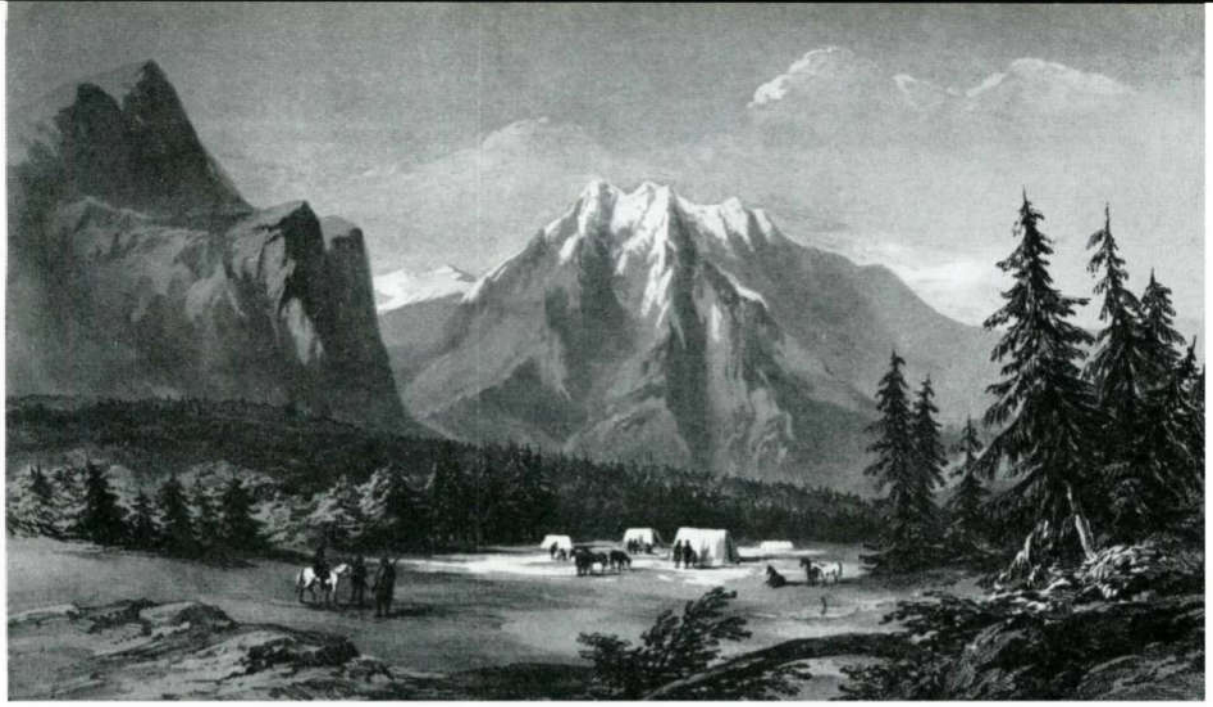
It is thought that this good pass taken by Sinclair must have been White Man Pass. Dr G. M. Dawson, who in 1885 reported on the area after a careful study made for the Canadian Geological Survey, and Mr J. N. Wallace, for a time one of the members of the British Columbia-Alberta Boundary Commission of 1913-24, who knew the passes at first hand, both came to this conclusion. The party is presumed to have travelled down the Cross River on the west side of the Rockies to the Kootenay and then up the Kootenay, a short distance, to the defile now called Sinclair Pass and through this, up Sinclair Creek between the Stanford and Brisco Ranges east of the Purcells, to the lakes which are the source of the Columbia. Here, a little north of modern Lake Windermere, was a prairie which Sir George's book states was the place at which converged the only two routes by which they could have crossed the height of land in this part of the country. He also states that it was here that the emigrants again joined his own route; by using White Man Pass the emigrants could have done this. However, as this statement by Sir George about the emigrants does not appear in the manuscript it is, perhaps, not evidence on which too much dependence can be placed, as it may well have been written some time afterwards from memory.

Whatever their route, Sinclair and one hundred and sixteen emigrants reached Fort Vancouver before Simpson returned in October, after his trip up the Pacific coast. As to what happened to the two hundred head of cattle there seems to be no information.

We do know that James Sinclair himself was not satisfied that the pass he had taken was the best one possible. When he met Palliser on the Upper Missouri in 1848, he told him that he hoped some day to try another pass of which he had heard.

Before he had a chance to do so, two other parties travelled through the mountains in British territory in 1845. They met each other, going in opposite directions, at "the great lake of the Kalispels" (Pend Oreille Lake), well to the west of the Rocky Mountain divide, in what is now United States territory and was then in dispute. One was the party of the two young officers, Lieutenants Warre and Vavasour, who crossed the mountains on a secret military mission. They were chosen in 1845 by the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Canada, on the instructions of the Governor-General, to travel across the Rockies, ostensibly as private individuals seeking amusement, but in reality to report on "the capabilities of the Oregon Territory in a Military point of view." Lieutenant H. J. Warre of the 14th Regiment, who was





nephew and A.D.C. to the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Canada, had earlier been a member of the hunting party with which Palliser's brother-in-law, William Fairholme, had travelled in 1840 to the Grand Prairies of the Missouri. Lieutenant Vavasour was a Royal Engineer.

Sir George Simpson writing to Ogden requested "the favour of your conducting those gentlemen from Red River to their destination, crossing the Rocky Mountains at the Bow River Pass. . . ." To the Governor General of Canada he wrote that the officers "were forwarded on horseback . . . under the charge of Mr Chief Factor Ogden who was instructed to take the most direct route to Oregon, by the Assiniboine and the Saskatchewan Rivers, crossing the Rocky Mountains at the most southerly British Pass (in about 51° N. Lat.) traversing the Flathead and Kootonais countries, and falling upon the Columbia River at Fort Colvile . . ." and that they were to use the defile "lately passed by a large body of emigrant families from Red River Settlement" (Sinclair's party of 1841). Since his book recorded that the emigrants' pass was "a little to the southward" of the one he used and in a letter written from Fort Vancouver immediately after he had crossed the Rockies in 1841 he gave the latitude of his own pass as about 50° 30′, there was clearly considerable uncertainty about the latitude of the pass. This uncertainty is evident also in the manuscript of *Journey Round the World*, which, in explaining the plans made at Red River, gives a heavily corrected latitude, apparently 50°, written over an original figure that looks like 48°.

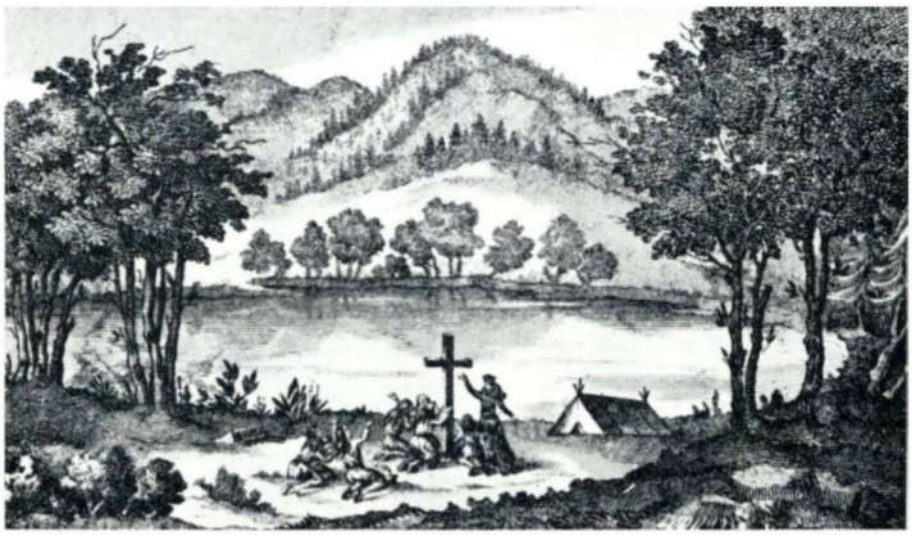
There was still a muddle about latitude in the officers' reports about the pass they used. In one report Vavasour said that they had travelled by a pass in about 51°N. latitude, but in another report the officers stated that their pass was "in about 50° 30′ North Latitude and 116° West Longitude." Actually Simpson Pass is in 51° 05′ north latitude and 115° 49′ west longitude and White Man Pass in 50° 45′ north latitude and 115° 29′ west longitude.

The officers also reported: "It not being deemed safe" for their "party composed of only 12 persons to encounter the wild Tribes of Indians on the open Plains" they had skirted "the borders of boundless Prairies". "On the east side of the Mountains to the point where they (the emigrants) were obliged to leave their Waggons etc.," the emigrants' course, they reported, had been to the south of that by which they themselves passed. They do not say whether they followed the emigrants' route over the mountains beyond the point at which the wagons were abandoned, but it has been generally assumed that they did so, and that both parties used the White Man Pass. This idea was confirmed by the late Mr H. S. Patterson, K.C., who, after reconnaissance of the country, studying sketches by Warre, which are now in the Provincial Archives, British Columbia, concluded that the party went up the Bow (not by Simpson's Lake Minnewanka route) and crossed by White Man Pass.

One of the main military problems was accessibility. The officers reported: "Without attempting to describe the numerous Defiles through which we passed, or the difficulty in forcing a passage through the burnt Forests, and over the high land, we may venture to assert, that Sir George Simpsons idea of transporting troops . . . with their Provisions, stores etc., through such an extent of uncultivated Country and over such impracticable Moun-

Left: H. J. Warre's sketch of a camp in the Rocky Mountains through which he travelled west in 1845
Public Archives

Right: Illustration from Father de Smet's book purporting to show the pass where he erected the cross on 15 September 1845 on his journey eastwards



tains would appear to Us quite infeasible." Sir George had written that although impracticable for wheel carriages the route was by no means difficult on horseback. The officers' party lost thirty-four horses out of sixty between Edmonton and Fort Colvile, from lameness, fatigue and the "steepness of the mountain passes, the want of proper nourishment, the fearful falls that some of the animals sustained, rolling in some instances many hundred feet into the foaming torrents beneath. . . ." In their joint report of the seven hundred mile journey from Edmonton to Fort Colvile, they spent scarcely five hundred words on the mountain crossing:

> On the 25th July we entered the Rocky Mountains, crossed the Bow River in Canoes made of Skins (carried with us for this purpose) and commenced the passes of the Mountains.—
> Our daily Journeys were now necessarily very short, and much impeded by the denseness of the Forests, and the heigth [sic] and ruggedness of the Mountain passes.—
> We crossed, by means of the Skin Canoes, the head Waters of McGillivray's River, on the 28th July, crossed with considerable difficulty another range of lofty Mountains, and encamped on the 31st on the Lake from whence flow the waters of the Columbia.—

Vavasour, the engineer, reported simply to his Colonel:

> Leaving Fort Edmonton on the 15th July, we crossed the Rocky Mountains about 51° N. Lat and arrived at Fort Colville on the Columbia River on the 16th of August with the loss of 34 horses: from the nature of this journey the steep and Rocky mountain passes, the deep swamps and almost impenetrable forests, it could not be made available for the passage of troops . . .

The accompanying map is scarcely more communicative, being on a very small scale. Warre later published a book of sketches made on this trip, but again neither his supplementary description nor the map are at all definite and, as far as I know, no one has yet identified the scene of the sketch called "In the Rockies" which appears to have been made at the pass they crossed.

The second 1845 party was that of Father de Smet. Leaving Pend Oreille Lake on Clark's Fork west of the mountains, where he had been delighted to meet his old friend Ogden and the two military gentlemen (whose secret he quickly discovered), he crossed through "dense forests and frightful sloughs" to the valley of the Kootenay. This he followed upstream, across the 49th parallel, which was not as yet the international boundary westward of the crest of the Rocky Mountains. He visited the Flat Bows and Kootenays on the Tobacco Plains; among these Indians, Berland (presumably Simpson's guide in the Columbia-Kootenay Valley in 1841) had implanted an interest in Christianity.

Some young Kootenays undertook to guide the missionary over the mountains to the country of the Blackfoot, on the east side of the Rockies. They took him by a fine, practicable trail to the two lakes from which the Columbia flows. There he found another Canadian, one Morigeau, awaiting him with his family, eager for Christian ministration. Leaving the Upper Columbia Valley by a small footpath which led to a "narrow mountain defile" known as "the place where the old man lied" or "Liar's Valley" (which must have been the modern Sinclair's Pass), they again reached the Kootenay River. The party "crossed the river in order to attempt the passage of another defile, still more wonderful, where the waters of the Vermillion have forced an opening". This reference to the Vermilion River suggests at first sight that they were approaching Vermilion Pass, but Hector reported that the Indians' names for the Kootenay and

Vermilion were not clear. Perhaps they called the whole upper Kootenay the Vermilion, not just the tributary so called today. Subsequent explorers, surveyors, mountaineers and field historians, notably Dr G. M. Dawson, Dr J. M. Thorington, Mr A. O. Wheeler and Mr H. S. Patterson, K.C., have identified de Smet's line of travel as leading up the valley of the Cross River, so called by the Indians for the "Cross of Peace" which Father de Smet erected at the summit of the pass he traversed, and from which the Cross River flows. This cross was to be "a sign of salvation and peace to all the scattered and itinerant tribes east and west of these gigantic and lurid mountains." The well known guide, Tom Wilson, told Mr Wheeler that he had found at the summit of this pass what seemed to him to be relics of this cross. After breakfasting on the bank of a limpid lake at the foot of the cross, de Smet's party pressed on to the plains. "After much fatigue, labour and admiration" they had successfully "traversed the high lands separating Oregon from those of the south branch of the Sascatshawin" (as the good Father had it). They descended a steep declivity and for three days followed "a rich valley, agreeably diversified by enamelled meads, magnificent forests and lakes" and "bounded on either side by a succession of picturesque rocks, whose lofty summits, rising in the form of pyramids, lose themselves in the clouds", presumably the valley of the Spray River and Lakes. Then they climbed another mountain through broken rocks and burnt forest to the Bow River.

Here they found an old Indian camp. The Kootenay guides were anxiously sure that they had come on Blackfoot. To de Smet's disappointment they did not do so, even when they came out on the "ocean of the prairies". At Rocky Mountain House they did at last encounter a band of thirteen Blackfoot trading at that Hudson's Bay Company post, and arranged to follow them to their people, but when they set off with "a morose halfbreed" named Bird (probably Jemmy Jock Bird, son of the Hudson's Bay Company chief factor, James Bird), they could find no Blackfoot at all. The "sullen and gloomy" interpreter, who was said by John Rowand to hate everything French and Canadian, finally left them, but not until they had met another, unnamed Canadian, who came to their rescue. They wandered on, in vain search of Hugh Monroe (or Munroe), still another Canadian, who spent much of his time wandering with Blackfoot bands, and who, they thought, would lead them to the Blackfoot themselves. Neither Monroe nor the Blackfoot were to be found; Father de Smet wandered for eight successive days in the labyrinth of valleys in the eastern foothills of the Rockies. Snow began to fall. He had to give up the idea of making his way back to the Columbia-Kootenay Valley that year and take refuge for the winter at the Hudson's Bay Company post, Fort Edmonton. Very early next spring, on 12 March 1846, Father de Smet (who had put himself on a drastic diet to get his weight down so that he would be able to make the long journey) went off on snowshoes with dog sleds and "three brave halfbreeds" to make the return trip by the Athabasca Pass. Again he met Warre and Vavasour, this time travelling eastward, escorted by another Hudson's Bay Company officer, Edward Ermatinger, and very hungry, as their food was exhausted and they had found no game. They were grateful for the supplies which de Smet's party had brought for them.

While only these few white men are known definitely to have crossed the mountains by passes from the Saskatchewan before Palliser's expedition, many Indians had undoubtedly done so. The Kootenays, originally a Plains tribe which had been driven from the Prairies by enemies armed by European traders, and other Indian tribes who lived in the Kootenay-Columbia Valley at the western base of the Rockies, had for long been in the habit of making regular journeys through the mountains to the Prairies to hunt buffalo. Their routes were old when Fidler wrote in 1792. In 1819 Franchère described a hunting expedition of Nez Percés and Snakes, who joined forces to guard against the danger of attack by their common enemy, the Blackfoot, travelling over the mountains in a cavalcade of 2,000 souls. The Kootenays came regularly to trade east of the Rockies at the Kootenay Plains farther north, before the fur traders had established routes across the mountains. In the Palliser report there is mention of a chief of still another tribe which lived west of the mountains, the Shuswap Indians, one Capôt Blanc, who had been the guide at Rocky Mountain House "for crossing the mountains," presumably by Howse Pass.

Among Indians who lived east of the Rockies there were Cree Indians who knew the mountains, such as Sinclair's guide in 1841, Bras Croche. The "Mountain Stoneys," a small band of Assiniboines who lived, not on the plains, like their warlike brothers, but among the eastern slopes and valleys of the Rockies, did not commonly cross the mountains into the Columbia Valley, but when Sinclair took a second party of emigrants over the mountains in 1854 he hired two of them to act as guides. There were also Iroquois Indians, far from their original home east of the Great Lakes, who travelled widely in the Far West. According to Findley's 1806 map (see p. 29) two of them at least had crossed the Rockies at that early date.

Blackfoot Indian tipis, from a water-colour by William Armstrong *Royal Ontario Museum*

The tribes of the Blackfoot Confederacy knew the passes almost as well as did their enemies the Kootenays; on occasion they pursued both the Kootenays and their excellent horses over the mountains. Kittson, in his *Snake Country Journal*, had written of encountering a band of Piegans to the west of the Rockies in 1825. With them were both de Smet's "sullen and gloomy" interpreter Bird and the elusive Hugh Monroe, as well as one Picard, all hailing from Edmonton. On that occasion the Piegans and their half-breed and Canadian companions had crossed the mountains by one of the passes from the Missouri, but it seems highly probable that, in their years of wandering with the Blackfoot, Monroe and Picard must have traversed many of the Saskatchewan passes as well. Indeed, a letter from Father de Smet seems to assume that Monroe—if he could only have been found—would have been able to guide them from the headwaters of the Saskatchewan through the mountains, from east to west. It is interesting that among the men with Palliser's expedition there were three partly Blackfoot Munroe (or Monroe) brothers, Olivier, Felix and Piscan who were perhaps sons of this Hugh Monroe. It is probably significant, too, that James Sinclair's first wife was a sister of Jemmy Jock Bird.

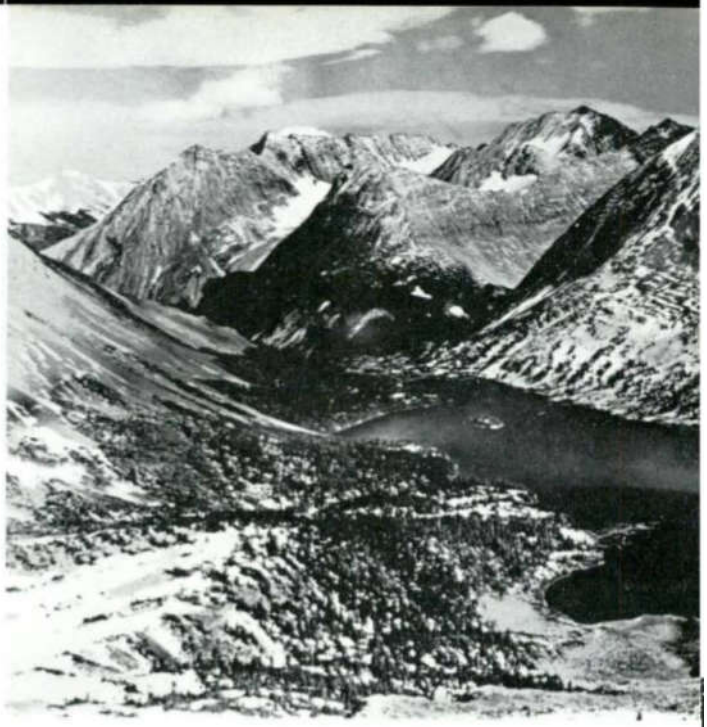
There were undoubtedly other men of mixed blood who knew the passes. At least one of the band at Lac St Anne, old Gabriel Dumont, had "repeatedly" crossed the mountains, as Palliser's reliable geologist Hector recorded when he was recruiting guides and hunters for the expedition's 1858 season. In addition Sir George in 1855 mentioned two men who knew the mountains well, who carried the mails to the Columbia Valley when the express with the mail missed the brigade of boats. In 1853, when James Sinclair was making plans to take a second emigrant train overland to Walla Walla, he wrote that he wanted as guide "for as far as the Crossing on the Kootanie River," a man called Lagrace, who knew the route well; he thought he was then at Carlton. Perhaps this was old John Rowand's servant, La Grasse, who seems to have been knowledgeable about the mountains. Simpson wrote to John Rowand and officers in charge of the Saskatchewan district asking that "Lagraisse" should be made available to guide Sinclair's party, Sinclair to pay his wages. In his book he had mentioned a "La Graisse" who had been with his party in 1841 and had, with an Iroquois, José Tyantas, searched for the missing guide, Berland, at two other "crossings," one north and one south of the Bow River traverse and

followed the main party over the mountains. Probably it was the same man, perhaps a son of Thompson's La Gassi or La Gassé, the pioneer of 1800.

When the "overlanders" of 1862 sought local advice at Edmonton as to possible routes through the mountains, the consensus of opinion among the Company men, missionaries and "freemen" (mostly half-breeds) whom they consulted was that "the Boundary, Kootenay and Sinclair Passes" presented the fewest difficulties. This sounds as though these passes were familiar to at least some of their informants. The "Boundary" and "Kootenay" Passes were presumably today's North and South Kootenay Pass; "Sinclair" Pass must have been Robertson-Ross's "St. Clair" Pass, presumably one of the passes Sinclair took with one of his two bands of emigrants in 1841 and 1854.

There may well have been other unrecorded crossings. Other Hudson's Bay Company servants may possibly have crossed the mountains, for example old Mr Harriott, who had been in charge of the short-lived post at Old Bow Fort (the Piegan Post) from 1832-4, and had also served at Rocky Mountain House and other western posts, before he retired to Red River, though Palliser and Hector make mention of him only as an authority on the Blackfoot, not as a source of information about passes. Angus MacDonald, too, later in charge of Fort Colvile, is said to have spent much of his time wandering with Blackfoot bands. Palliser mentions as an authority a Mr Angus McDonnell [sic: Palliser's spelling was erratic] "in charge of Fort Hope and subsequently of Fort Colville where he had been long resident, and in the constant habit of travelling backwards and forwards through the country." In 1855 there was also in "A. McDonald's Brigade" west of the Rockies, a foreman who, when at home, was in charge of a little trading post amongst the Blackfoot Indians (*The Beaver*, Summer 1961, p. 13) who was presumably also familiar with the passes.

It is clearly impossible to tell exactly how many times the Saskatchewan passes were crossed before they were systematically explored and recorded, but two more crossings are on definite record. James Sinclair carried out his ambition to cross the Rockies again. After an apparently abortive attempt in 1849 to organize a party to travel overland to the California goldfields and a rapid trip across the mountains again by White Man Pass in 1850, he led a second train of emigrants westward in 1854 to Walla Walla on the Lower Columbia, just south of the new border, which the Oregon Treaty of 1846 had settled was to be the forty-ninth parallel, westward, as well as eastward, from the crest of the Rocky Mountains. Palliser believed the new pass, which Sinclair had in 1848



Three Isle Lake and summit of the South

told him he hoped to try, was the Kananaskis Pass he crossed himself in 1858, though Sir George, discussing plans for the 1854 journey, wrote in 1853 that Sinclair was to cross the mountains by the pass through which, thirteen years earlier, he had led the first party of Red River emigrants.

I have not found any detailed record of this second remarkable crossing. Sir George wrote briefly that the party got through without any great difficulty or privation or trouble with the Indians, hardly losing any of their two hundred and fifty head of cattle. It seems highly improbable that it would be possible to take so many cattle successfully over the North Kananaskis Pass—even as pack-animals and mounts, to which uses both old oxen and young steers were put after the carts were broken up at the limit of wheeled transport. Four years later Palliser found it difficult to take even a few pack-horses through his Kananaskis Pass. On the other hand, Blakiston who was with Palliser reported that he saw, beside the Kananaskis above its junction with the Bow, "the remains of many wooden carts which had been abandoned by a party of emigrants from Red River Settlement, under the late Mr James Sinclair, on their way to the Columbia in 1854, who had found it impossible to drag them further into the mountains." Sinclair's young brother-in-law, John Campbell, described the crossing only briefly. The Cree chief, Mackipictoon (Bras Croche) again acted as guide. At a camp on what Campbell called the "Little Bow River" (which may or may not be the modern Little Bow) the wagons were broken up and pack saddles made. Here, there was a camp of

Kananaskis Pass *Surveyor General DM&TS*

Stony Indians, two of whom were hired as guides over the mountains as the route had not been travelled over for a long time and the trail was full of fallen timber. The party took the whole of September to get through the mountains. They "came out on Canal Flats, between the Kootenay River and the head of the South Fork of the Columbia Lakes." None of this gives any clear identification of the route. Years later, in 1939, the remains of some old carts were found near Evans Thomas Creek, a right bank tributary of the Kananaskis, but by then it was not possible to identify them with any certainty. Many travellers had crossed the mountains meanwhile, including several parties of gold seekers in 1859 and the early 1860s and geological survey parties and railway surveyors in the 1870s and 1880s.

Though it is impossible to be sure by which route Sinclair led the second emigrant train through the mountains on its westward journey, we have definite information about the route of a small group from his party which returned to Red River after his death on the Columbia in 1856. They took three and a half months to reach Fort Ellice, where Palliser chanced to meet them in August 1857. They had come, they said, by the North Kootenay Pass, guided by a Red River Scottish-Indian named Whitford, perhaps the John Whiteford who acted as guide for one party of the Overlanders of 1862 or the James Whiteford said in a letter in *The Times* in 1862 to have led a party through the mountains in 1859. They were nine days in the mountains, running short of provisions and being forced to eat one of their horses. Luckily they did not encounter any Blackfoot and when they reached the North Saskatchewan the Indians there were very kind to them. This was the last specific crossing of the Rockies, which we know definitely was made before Palliser's expedition began probing into the mountains.

By then it was clear that there were indeed passes over the Rockies south of the Athabasca Pass and north of the forty-ninth parallel. It was equally clear that extraordinarily little was known about them. Palliser reported bitterly that even at the foot of the Rockies he could not find guides who knew anything much about the routes across them. Only one man in his entire party claimed to have any knowledge of the mountains "off the beaten track," old Paul Cayenne; even his claims did not stand the test of experience. James Richards, one of the men in Hector's party of 1858, had been with Sir George Simpson in 1841 and showed Hector the entrance to the pass he used, while an old Indian Hector met also knew this pass, but told Hector that high water made it impenetrable at the time. Further it was uncertain which of such passes as existed were actually in British territory. It was even more uncertain whether any of them would be practicable as main routes of travel, offering possibilities of road or railroad construction.

Palliser proposed to penetrate the hostile bands of Blackfoot sentinels on the upper reaches of the two branches of the Saskatchewan on the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains, to ascertain what passes there really were; to examine and survey them and find out on which side of the border they lay. His expedition succeeded in establishing the fact that there were many more passes than one through the southern Rocky Mountains in British territory; its members brought back the first detailed descriptions, along with preliminary surveys and attempted measurements of altitudes, of some of these passes, which had long been familiar to wandering red men and their cousins of mixed blood and traversed occasionally by a few pioneer white men, but only vaguely and uncertainly rumoured among even the statesmen and government officials, the learned men of science and the railway projectors whose decisions were to settle the destiny of western British North America. ◆

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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KISPIOX LEGEND

by Marion Woodside Hanna

AT KISPIOX on the Skeena River stood an unusual totem pole erected in memory of an ancestor. At the base of the pole, beneath an eagle or thunderbird was the figure of a Haida chief. From the man's face a great tongue protruded; below the tongue there was a canoe, and in this canoe was the figure of a child.

Through the years, the Nass River Indians walked over the Grease Trail to trade or war with the Kispiox Indians. This Grease Trail was so named because along it the Nass tribes carried much oolachan (candlefish) oil or grease to the upper Skeena River country. There it was in great demand among the interior fresh-water Indians, who readily gave soapberries, kinnikinnick leaves and bark for smoking, and skins in exchange.

On this particular raid the Nass Indians were victorious, and they captured some prisoners, among them a Kispiox chief and his beautiful young wife. As they treated these prisoners well, in time the Kispiox chief became a useful leader in the village.

A war party of Haida Indians crossed the salt water from the Queen Charlotte Islands, made their way up the Nass River, and attacked and defeated the Nass Indians. The former Kispiox chief and his wife's brother were killed, but the wife, being beautiful, was taken prisoner and carried down the river and across to the Queen Charlotte Islands, the home of the warlike Haidas.

The Haida chief of this raiding war party, took the young widow for his wife; and as they paddled down the Nass River, he tried to cheer her sad face by having his crewmen sing songs and when they went ashore, he had them dance for her. However, unknown to all, she kept an observant eye on the river bank, noting its features and camping places. Finally they crossed the rough water and reached the Haida village, but though the wife of a chief, she was never happy but always longed to return again to her old home on the Nass.

In time, when she became the mother of a boy, the Chief took the baby in his hands and placing one hand over his son's mouth, suffocated him. This shocking deed was done because of an old Indian custom. A nephew or a son must always avenge the death of a father or an uncle; and well the Chief knew the boy's mother would train her baby boy to wait until he reached manhood, in order to kill the Haida chief who had killed her first husband, and also her brother.

The poor mother was sad, but helpless, for there seemed no one to whom she could turn.

Another year passed by and the Kispiox mother had another child, also a boy. But this time the Chief was away hunting at the time of birth, and the mother had time to plan some way to save her child's life. Some time before this, following the custom of her people in mourning, she had cut off her beautiful long hair, without attracting attention. From these shorn tresses, she had woven a tight black bag, and in this tight bag, she fitted her new baby.

When the Chief returned from hunting, he asked after the baby, but was simply told: "You will be glad to know it is a girl". The Chief then thought no more about it, but went to eat a very good meal prepared for him. But the mother knew that sooner or later, the Chief would discover that the new baby was really another boy.

In the village was one other prisoner from the mainland, and he secretly told the mother: "I have some herbs which will put into a deep sleep anyone who drinks the juice from them. Give the Chief a drink of this liquid. When he is deep in sleep, take a sharp knife and cut off his head. Then put the head in a canoe and with your baby paddle out to sea until you reach the long slough. Paddle your canoe deep in among the reeds, cover it over, and hide yourself in the woods on the island for three days.

"The whole village will be out in search, but I shall be among them too. Count the canoes as they pass going out in the morning, and be sure not to stir until the same number of canoes have returned. When the search is given up, I shall signal you by loudly singing the death song, when you will know my voice. Then you will know you are safe. Get back to your canoe, and paddle hard across the salt water for the Nass River."

All this advice the mother faithfully followed. But while hiding for three days in the woods, her baby became cross and frightened her by crying loudly. So to keep the

The late Marion Hanna was familiar with the Skeena River country of northern British Columbia from the early part of this century and moved to Hazelton in 1925. Deeply interested in the local Gitksan people (a division of the Tsimshian) she, with the assistance of the late Constance Cox who spoke the language fluently, took down a number of Indian stories, of which this is one.

child quiet, the mother cut off the end of the Chief's tongue, from the head which was still in the bottom of the canoe. She put a hole through it, pushed a twig through, and gave it to the baby to suck. This kept the baby silent.

When she heard her fellow prisoner from the Nass chanting the death song, she knew the search had been given up. And as she had counted the canoes going out, and the same number had returned, she knew it was time to go. So after nightfall she took her baby to the canoe hidden in the slough.

After paddling for days and days she finally reached the village on the Nass, where she was welcomed back with great rejoicing.

But as her son grew older he developed a violent temper. One day, in a rage, he caused the death of a playmate; and at last the mother and son were told they must leave the village and live far away. The Indian elders believed it was because the boy had been pacified by the tongue of his violent father that he himself had so violent and evil a disposition.

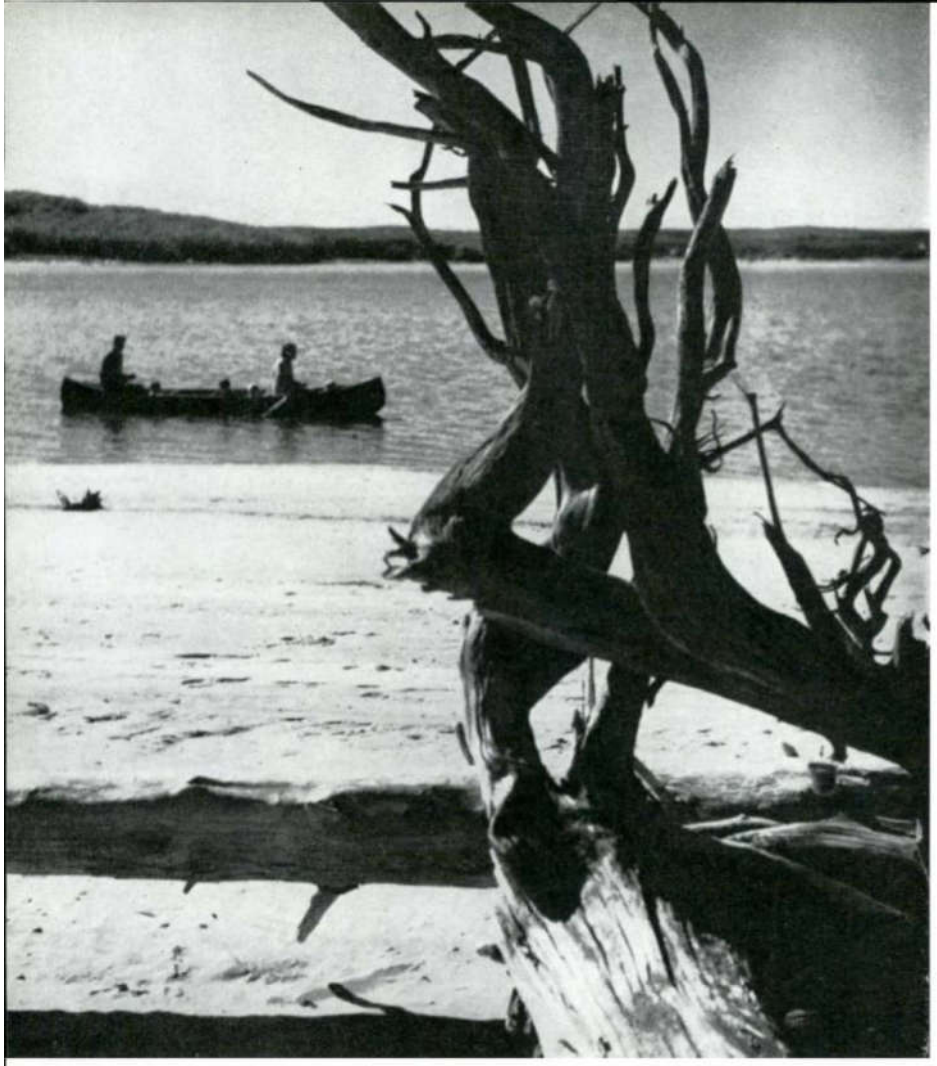
Now, as the mother and son were forced to travel again, they started over the Grease Trail to Kispiox on the Skeena, her first home. They lived in the house of Hag-Gi-Wa, of her mother's people. Here the son grew in strength and evil temper.

In one of his passions he killed the son of a chief. His uncle then gave a peace feast to help atone for his nephew's crime, And to show the village the reason for his nephew's evil temper, he erected a totem pole on which was carved the head of a chief. From this head a great tongue protruded, and below this tongue was a canoe like the one that carried the baby across the salt water. And in the canoe was the figure of a child.

To the house of Hag-Gi-Wa, the villagers gave the name of the story told by the totem pole at Kispiox *Ma-dix-un-dilk*, sucking tongue.

And to this day if any member of the house of Hag-Gi-Wa shows a bad temper, they shake their heads and say; "Oh that is because he is descended from the Haida chief's son who sucked the tongue of his bad tempered dead father". ◆

National Museum



The drowned site of Fort Mattagami lies beneath the water between the canoe and the far shore

A decaying horn from one of the Fort Mattagami cattle protrudes from the beach sand (opposite)

Looking over the clearing that once was part of the farm at Long Lake House

FARMS OF THE FUR TRADERS

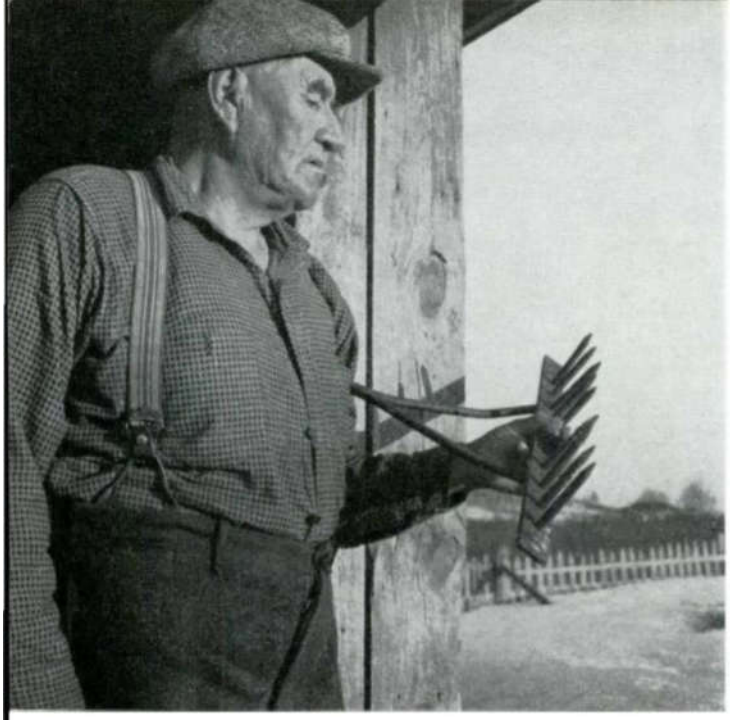
Photographs and story

BY JOHN MACFIE

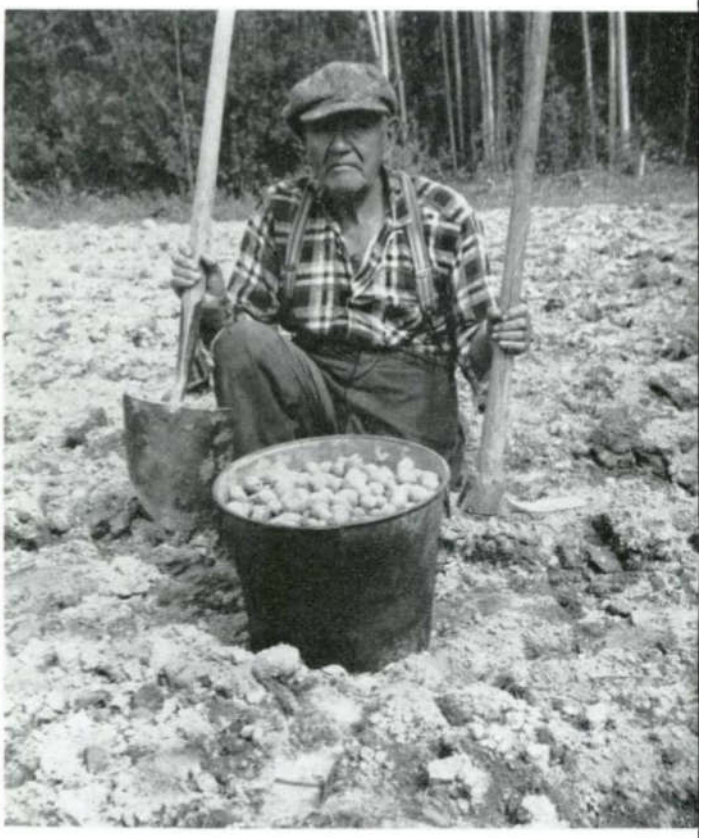
THE FUR TRADERS of the Hudson's Bay Company who built their forts on James and Hudson Bays late in the 17th century did not wait long before testing the agricultural possibilities of Rupert's Land, the huge section of northern North America granted to them by King Charles II in 1670. Pigs, chickens, and garden seeds came out from England in the earliest supply ships to help brighten menus that relied heavily upon preserved foods from across the sea, and wild game and fish from the wilderness behind the forts. Hardy cattle were brought out to serve as draft animals for hauling firewood to keep the open fireplaces blazing through the long cold winters, and when they became too old to work, they were made into beef. The most useless ox in the settlement was the highlight of many a Christmas dinner on Hudson Bay, and however tough it may have been, the fresh beef was a welcome treat after months of eating salted meat which had to be sunk in the river to "freshen" before it was fit to eat.

When heavy competition from Montreal fur merchants made it necessary for the Hudson's Bay Company to build posts in the interior, they found a longer growing season and better soil there, and miniature farms began to appear in the wilderness. Here and there on the banks of the Moose, the Albany and the Nelson Rivers two or three or a half-dozen acres of ground were cleared of spruce and poplar and planted to potatoes, turnips, and small vegetables, and up the rapids-strewn rivers came calves and young pigs for starting livestock herds. Home-grown meat and vegetables helped greatly in providing food for the large staffs of traders, tradesmen, labourers and boatmen needed to maintain these trading centres.

Fort Mattagami, far up a tributary of the Moose River near the height-of-land in central Ontario, had such a fur trade farm for several score years before fur trading ended there early in this century. The first traders on the site were Frenchmen from Fort St. Germain on another branch of the Moose River. The North



William Moore holds a heavy iron rake that he found at the Fort Mattagami site, and below, he is putting in another crop of the Early Rose potatoes the original stock of which was shipped through the Bay, perhaps a century ago



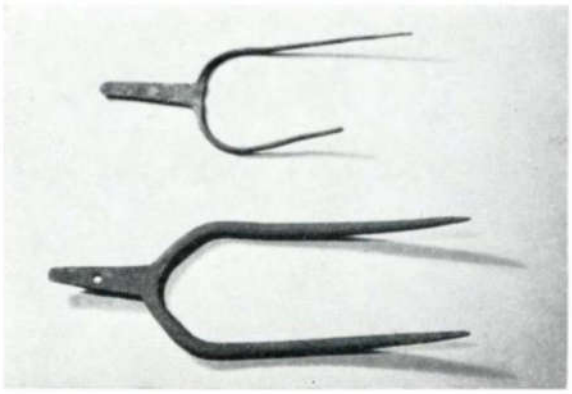
West Company re-occupied it after Canada became British in 1763, then when the two great fur concerns ended fifty years of strife-ridden competition by joining forces under the name of the English company, Fort Mattagami raised the red ensign of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is unlikely that the traders from Montreal, either the French voyageurs or the Scots of the North West Company, cultivated the soil around Fort Mattagami to any extent, for those tough woodsmen usually were content to eat the same food as their Indian customers. However, it may be assumed that the clearing of land and importation of livestock from Moose Factory began soon after the union of 1821. The agricultural era ended at Fort Mattagami nearly a century later, when a hydro-electric development on Mattagami Lake inundated the Hudson's Bay Company's land, and the post was moved fifteen miles away to Gogama, a tiny settlement on a newly-constructed branch of the Canadian National Railways.

William Moore, a 70 year-old Ojibwa of the Mattagami Reserve remembers clearly the long-legged cattle and black and white pigs that were such familiar sights among the Indian dwellings of the Mattagami settlement of the 1890s. He and his playmates were allowed to help during haying-time by spreading the new-gathered hay to dry in the yard, receiving in reward a treat of "blackstrap and dumplings." This was marsh hay, gathered along the lake shore by Indians working in pairs of bark canoes joined by pole platforms upon which the hay was piled as it was removed from the water. After being taken, a half a ton at a time, to the settlement and dried in the sun, it was hauled by oxen to the log barn and

stored in a loft above the cattle's quarters. Cattle were left to run in the bush in summer, feeding on wild plants and grasses. According to accounts of early government survey parties who visited this and other fur trade and mission farms in Northern Ontario the cattle they found grazing and browsing in the bush were usually in fine shape. Although some grasses were cultivated, large-scale growing of hay for cattle does not seem to have been necessary, and wild-grown fodder served both winter and summer. The two or three milch cows kept at Mattagami wore bells on their necks so that they could be found and brought to the post at milking time.

The principal cultivated crops, as William recalls it, were potatoes (two or three hundred kegs were consumed annually by humans and livestock), turnips, and barley. Implements for sowing and caring for these crops were simple; there was an ox-powered plough, and heavy hand-tools fashioned at the blacksmith's forge.

Most of the neat white frame homes of the Hudson's Bay Company settlements of today have small vegetable gardens within their neat picket fences, but livestock disappeared from most northern points as soon as Canada's transportation system developed sufficiently to bring in cheaply produced meat from the agricultural nation that had sprung up south of the Precambrian



The smaller pitchfork, reminder of the days when the H B C kept cattle on the shores of Hudson Bay, was unearthed at Fort Severn; the other at Fort Mattagami

Shield. About all that remains from the days of the fur trade farm are crude implements rusting in soil that is again growing forest after brief service in agriculture, the domestic grasses gone wild, and such garden plants as the caraway that comes up each year behind the Indian houses at Fort Severn on the south coast of Hudson Bay, and the black currants at Mattagami. Two or three of the farms happened to be situated in favourable farming regions, and they were swallowed up when settlement reached them. Others, such as the one at Brunswick House Lake south of Kapuskasing, could yet see a revival of agriculture, though the frontier of settlement of the Great Clay Belt in which it is situated is still far away. Surveyors who visited the site of Brunswick House in 1900, twenty years after it was abandoned, found apple and plum trees, timothy and clover (and the ever-present farmer's curse, couch grass) still flourishing in a five acre clearing lost in the middle of thousands of square miles of uninhabited wilderness.

The growing of gardens and even the keeping of a few head of cattle and horses caught on among some Indian bands in northern Ontario, and in the last century potato patches were common sights along the shores of lakes now bounded by unbroken forest. Mattagami Lake had many such gardens, planted in June after the spring fur hunt was over, and left untended until fall, yet usually yielding good crops of potatoes. The custom has lost favour recently, however, and William Moore is one of the few who still cultivate the soil at Mattagami Lake. Each spring he breaks up a quarter or half acre of heavy clay soil and plants it with Early Rose potatoes; in autumn he stores a small part of the yield in a pit at the edge of his clearing for next year's seed. His potatoes are directly descended from seed obtained from the Hudson's Bay Company when it was still in business across the lake. William believes it might have been a hundred years since the original stock came to Mattagami Lake, by way of Hudson Bay and the York boats that brought the post's supplies up from Moose Factory. The potatoes will not grow large any more, and William admits that it is time he introduced new seed to his potato patch. However, one is left with the impression that this Indian, who is more conscious of the past than are most of his race, will continue to plant Early Rose. ♦

Right and left: Implements on the former farm at Long Lake House near Longlac, Ontario, which was worked until fifty-odd years ago

The 'Vanishing Race' of Edward S. Curtis

BY RALPH W. ANDREWS

a free-lance writer who is particularly interested in the records of early photographers

"EVEN BEFORE I got to the village a runner approached me to say I could not camp near this place. I made the young man a present and rode on. Later the chief came to tell me to leave, a group following in case I gave trouble. . . It was never an easy task to overcome the suspicion, secretiveness and deep-rooted superstition of the Indians. . ."

But, photo-historian Curtis told them, they were doomed to perish from the earth—their old men, young men, women and children—and he would record their story in imperishable form, their legends, songs, music and above all their impenetrable faces, so that all these should live through the ages.

At first the bronzed men, wary of the glib talk of other whites, responded ambiguously or not at all. Yet by degrees and after many visits, the calm and confident appeal of the solitary, friendly student won them over. The boys and girls played their games, medicine men performed vows and esoteric rites, young warriors underwent their torture tests and ceremonial dances, the old women scraped skins, and all of them eventually opened the gates of memory and the secret chambers of belief.

They did more than this. Before the strange and inanimate focus of the camera, they allowed the dances, games, array of battle, smoking of the peace pipe, much that was intimate, occult or active in their lives, to be recorded on plate so other people in future times might know what a great race they were.

The career of Edward S. Curtis began with his appointment as official photographer of the Harriman Expedition to Alaska. The two-month voyage in 1899, on which twenty-five scientists made various studies and Curtis took five thousand pictures, gave him the public recognition and confidence he needed to make a reality of his cherished dream—a photo-history of the Western tribes.

The sparks which set off this expansive program were the conversations he had aboard the expedition ship with George Bird Grinnell. After them this editor and Indianologist invited Curtis to accompany him the following year to the Blackfoot Sun Dance encampment. And as he sat at those campfires, in the dim shadows of the Blackfoot lodges, knelt with them in the tall grass of the hunting grounds and watched the wild and terrible self-torture of the Sun Dance, he put his future in these words:

"I don't know how many tribes there are in the West, Bird . . . but I want to make them live forever, in both photography and words, if I can write them—and if I live long enough. The Indians of North America are vanishing.* They've crumbled from their pride and power into pitifully small numbers, painful poverty and sorry weakness. There won't be anything left of them in a few generations. So I want to produce an irrefutable record of a race doomed to extinction—to show this Indian as he was in his normal, noble life so people will know he was no debauched vagabond but a man of proud stature and noble heritage.

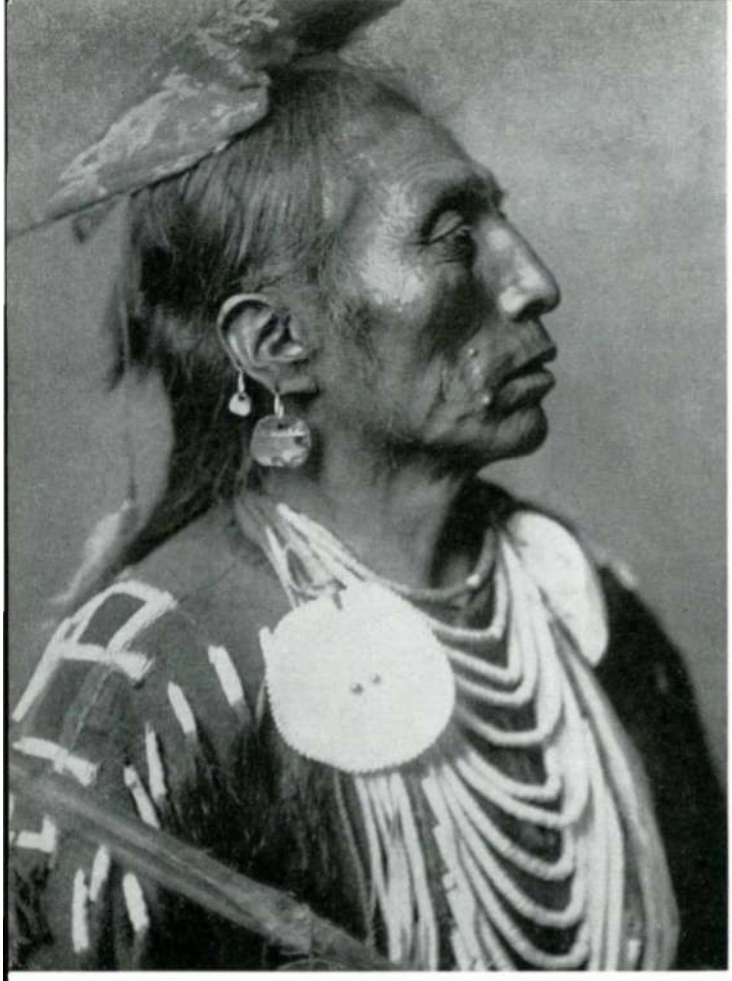
"I believe I can do something about it. I have some ability. I can live with these people, get their confidence, understand them and photograph them in all their natural attitudes. It's such a big dream I can't see it all . . . but I can start and sell prints of my pictures as I go along. I'm a poor man but I've got my health, plenty of steam and something to work for."

That Curtis felt able and inspired to set about such a task at the age of 32 was due to his rigorous early life and dedication to the art of photography. Born on a farm near Whitewater, Wisconsin, in 1868, he taught himself to take pictures with a home-made box camera and Wilson's *Quarter of a Century of Photography*.

His father, Johnson Curtis, had returned an invalid from the Civil War and, unable to perform the exhausting

*The Indian pictured by Curtis may have vanished, but as a race his numbers are now increasing.

Sioux warrior taking an oath



Medicine man of the Crows, a Siouan tribe of the Rocky Mountain region

work of a United Brethren minister, took Edward west to a log cabin on Puget Sound. A year later the mother followed with her other two sons and daughter. But hopes of a new start died with Johnson Curtis and Edward, at twenty, became the breadwinner,

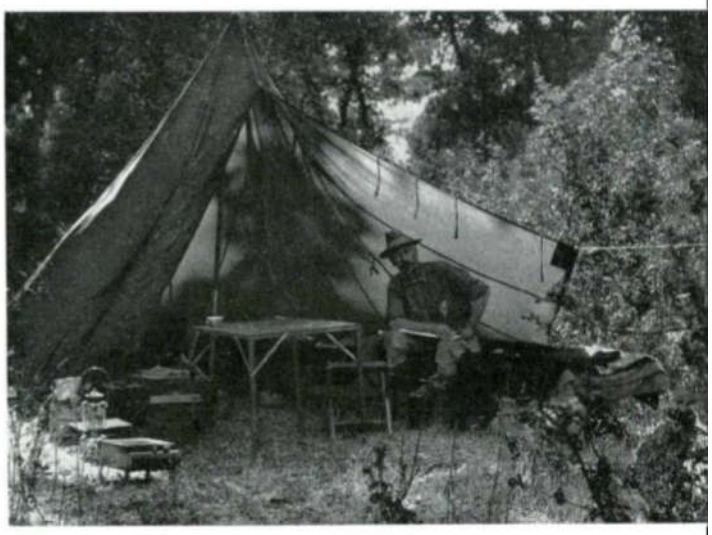
The family survived the sharp uncertainties. There were vegetables and fruit trees on the homestead, the boys fished and dug clams, Edward cut forest wood to sell and hired himself out to the neighbours, yet always found time for his camera work. Every new sight on Puget Sound was a stimulation. Steamboats by the hundreds plied the waters. Loggers and their bull teams cut great swaths through the timber. Indians trapped and fished and shot harbour seals.

It was these dark-skinned people who caught most of his interest. He realized these deteriorating, lazy, Salish did not represent the stalwart, courageous tribesmen the school books told about. And the more intrigued Edward was with the toothless old women squatting listlessly in front of rough board shanties, reckless young men, tormenting the parched patriarchs, the more he looked beyond them to the days before the white man's interference. Somewhere in this drab front were traces of their former character. Would he ever be able to show it to the public?

The answer came in some unusual Indian pictures displayed in Seattle store windows. People bought a few of them.This was 1892, the year Edward Curtis married and opened a studio in Seattle with Thomas H. Guptil. Among his other pursuits the young artist-photographer became a mountain climber and on one trip up Mount Rainier he rescued a party of lost scientists and government specialists, among them Dr C. Hart Merriam, chief of the United States biological surveys and George Bird Grinnell, with whom he established a lasting friendship.

So impressed were these two with the enterprise and ability of their young benefactor that they remembered him vividly when helping with the organization of the Harriman Expedition the following year. This brought about his appointment as official photographer.

Edward Curtis's work with the Indians covered forty years during which he lived with them, wrote articles about them, lectured and gave many picture exhibitions. He amassed data on some eighty tribes and bands west of the Red, Assiniboine and Missouri Rivers.



Edward Curtis working in one of his field camps

He was a strong man, both in courage and physical vigour. He combined a certain genius in his artistic conceptions with imagination, intuition, and sound organizing skill. His early field methods involved an interpreter, usually an Indian of the tribe, and an assistant

Three Piegan chiefs

who took notes of conversations and transcribed them each night. Later he had four assistants including guides and a man to record tribal music and sounds on wax rolls. Curtis learnt to speak many Indian languages but found it advantageous in many ways to use a member of a particular tribe as counsellor and confidant. After sufficient data for one of the volumes were accumulated, the party retired to some secluded cabin, living the ascetic life of monks until the book manuscript was prepared.

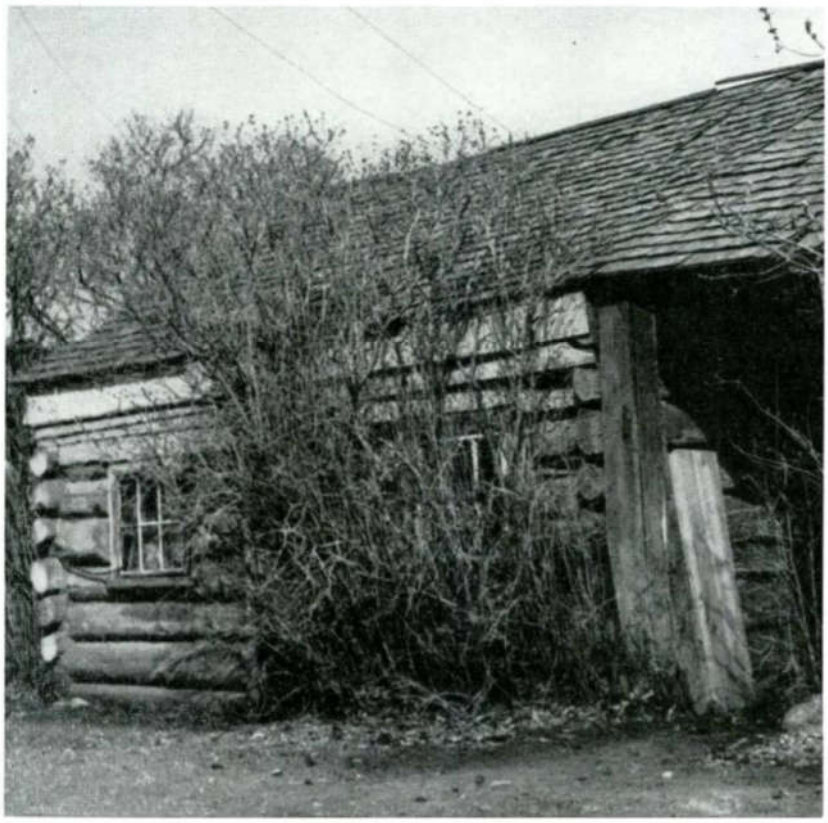
Through exhibitions of his pictures and awards for excellence, Curtis gained the admiration and friendship of President Theodore Roosevelt, whose sister, Mrs Douglas Robinson, was influential in bringing the Curtis work to the attention of financier and philanthropist J. Pierpont Morgan. This led to a $75,000 grant, payable over five years, making possible further research and the publication of the *North American Indian* volumes. The money was wholly inadequate but with lecture tours, musicales and a motion picture made with the Kwakiutl tribe in British Columbia, Curtis was able to complete his work.

The first two volumes of *North American Indian* were published in 1907 and highly acclaimed by scientists, art critics and editors in the United States, Canada, and Europe. Subsequent volumes were issued every few years until 1920 after the Curtis field trip to the Alaska Eskimo country. The printing of the volumes, twenty in all, with accompanying folios of "gold tone" prints, was limited to five hundred sets, the price $3,000. All of these were subscribed by individuals, university and other libraries, art institutes and historical museums in many countries, among them the Library of Parliament and Dominion Archives in Ottawa (sets now in the National Library and National Museum), British Museum and Guildhall Libraries in London.

The glowing words of the commissioner of Indian Affairs, quoted in a Washington, D. C., newspaper review at the time of publication indicate the value placed on the volumes: "Mr Curtis will enable future generations to see the Indian, not as he has been pictured in romance, or preserved in the mummy wrappings of archaeology, but as he is in his life, in his mind, in his spirit, in his artistic ideals and sympathies, and in those traditions which afford his people their only substitute for a literature".

In Canada Curtis's best known photographs are probably those taken on the West Coast of the Kwakiutl, Nootka, and Haida tribes. Yet he spent much of his life recording activities and customs of the Cree, Sarsi, Blackfoot, and Siouan people of the plains, as seen in the examples of his work shown here.

His later years were spent running a studio with one of his daughters, and working on an unpublished book, in Los Angeles, where he died at the age of eighty-four. ◆



Part of the original log structure with cedar shake roof at Ashcroft Manor

ESTATE AT ASHCROFT

by L. Johanne Stemo

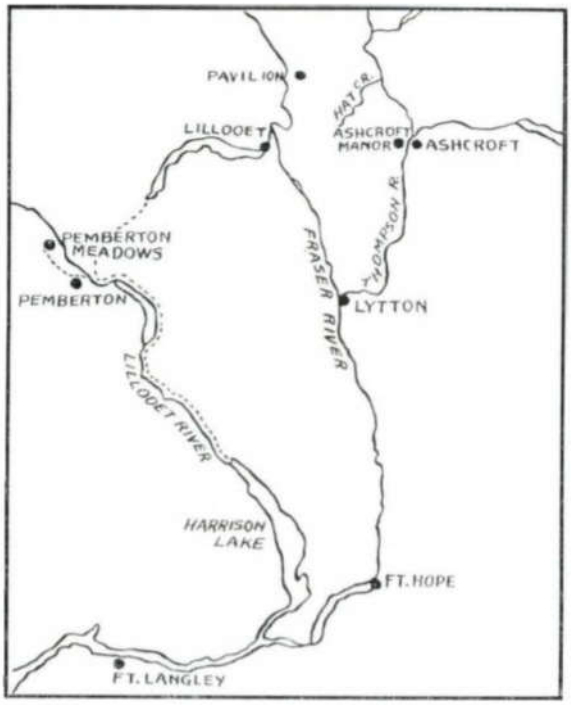
IN 1858, the year the Hudson's Bay Company's special trading privileges came to an end on the west coast and the Colony of British Columbia (on the mainland) was formed, tales of gold and adventure thrust themselves upon the ears of a wide and listening audience. Among the listeners were the sons of the Reverend Alan G. Cornwall of Ashcroft Manor in Gloucestershire, England. For Clement Francis and Henry Tennant Cornwall, recent graduates of Trinity College, Cambridge, the delightful tempo of English country life suddenly ceased to exist.

The two young men were twenty-three and twenty-one years of age when they caught a boat for a dream they called British Columbia. They crossed the Atlantic to the isthmus of Panama and went overland where jungle had been cut back to link the two great oceans by rail. Although the railroad service had been in operation since 1855 the condition of the roadbed was extremely poor. The rail fare was $25 in gold with personal baggage extra at five cents a pound. Many could ill afford the exorbitant fees (which ranged up to $75) and alternative passage was offered on the cattle cars at ten dollars, or the privilege of walking the tracks from sea to sea could be had for a fee of five dollars.

They reached the Pacific and set sail for San Francisco where they spent some time before embarking for Victoria. When next heard of they had arrived in the interior of British Columbia, presumably by steamer from Victoria to Fort Langley or further up the Fraser as the American sidewheel steamer *Surprise* had, at that time, proved the river navigable as far as Fort Hope.

No road led to the interior and along with others headed for the gold fields the Cornwall brothers chose to take the Harrison Lake-Lillooet River route and so avoid the tortuous trail through the Fraser Canyon. In the following months they ventured through country seldom seen by white men; they acquired pack horses and visited gold producing areas farther east. Wild Horse Creek at the Kootenay River, French Creek and Big Bend on the Columbia River, drew them as they drew many miners. But the Cornwalls were not miners at heart and when their wanderings took them over the old trails through Pemberton meadows, over Pavilion Mountain and across the Hat Creek Valley to the flats above the Thompson River they were suddenly silent as bunch grass reached above the knees of their horses and a strongly flowing creek made music over the stones.

Mr Stemo is a frequent contributor to western periodicals



It was lush country, rich earth and good water. But fall was creeping over the land shortening each day. They felt the cool night air on their cheeks even as the sun splashed the western sky with colour. The year was 1859 as they set about constructing a cabin for the coming winter from local pine and fir.

It may have been the Cornwall background which proved the call of the land stronger than the lure of gold or perhaps it was a new maturity which made the brothers decide on a more permanent and lasting mode of life in which they attempted to duplicate the English country style of living they remembered from the original Ashcroft Manor. More than a thousand acres were pre-empted and they set to work to establish their way of life.

The two Cornwalls became the first important cattlemen in that part of the country, bringing in the first one hundred and fifty head from Coeur d'Alene at a cost of $1,500. By 1861 they had seventy-five acres of barley under cultivation. Production of foodstuffs was rapidly increased and by 1865 three hundred head of beef and dairy cattle grazed on the land. Later we read in the *Barkerville News* of herds of hogs on the road to Barkerville and herd after herd of cattle clogging the wagon road north. The market was expanding and in order to keep up the movement of fine bacon and hams to the distant mining camps facilities were set up for killing and curing on the estate. Men were employed as blacksmiths shoeing horses, mules and oxen and, until a few years ago, when they were picked up and sold for scrap, mounds of the old shoes could be seen below the Manor House.

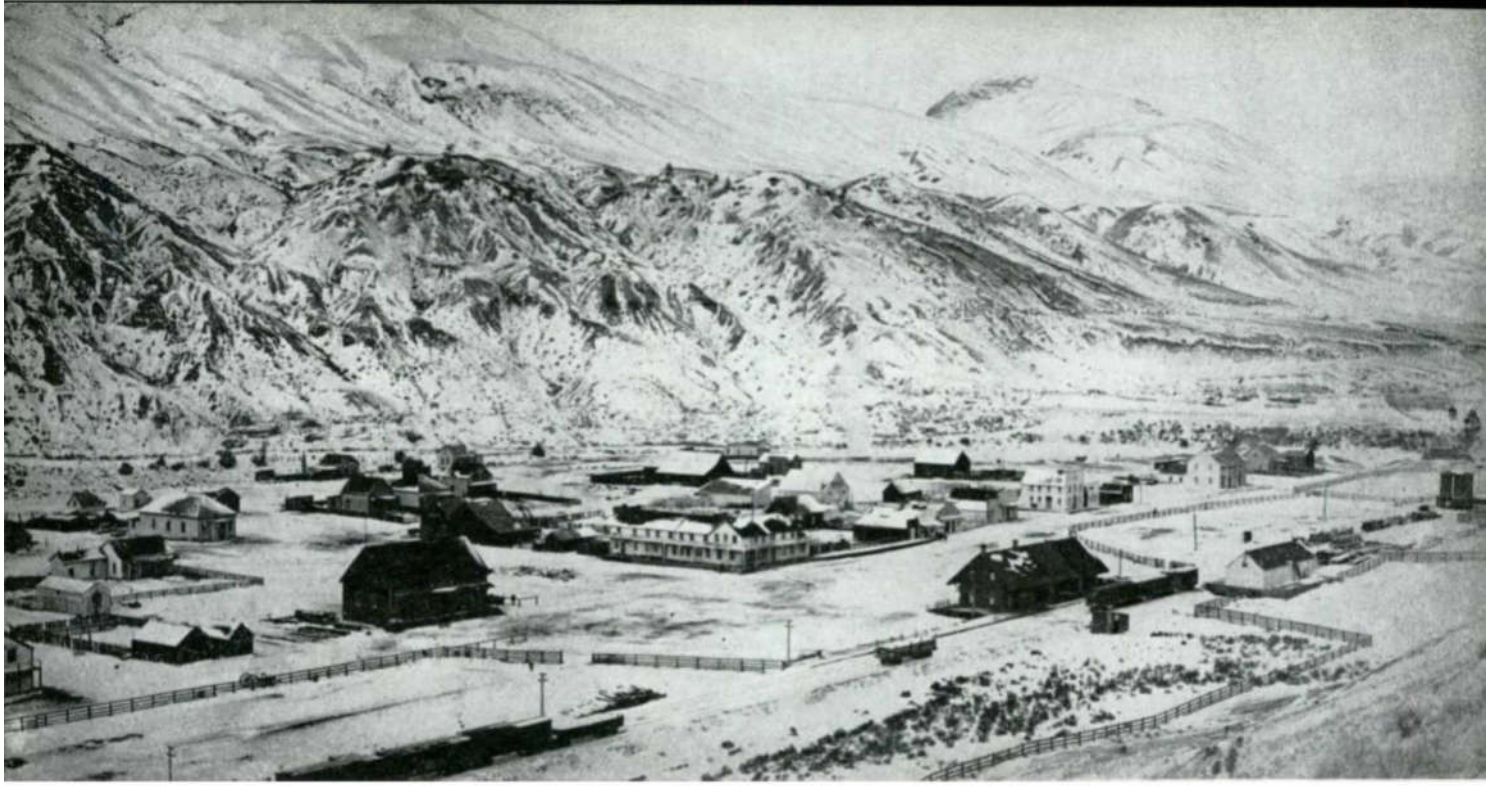
When it became increasingly difficult to operate without power the brothers had a water wheel built on the creek. It was being used in '62 to operate a small sawmill and the lumber, when it was not used on the estate, was sold to miners and settlers. In the same year Clement heard about a gristmill at Esquimalt on Vancouver Island, that had been dismantled and the stones taken to Craigflower. He promptly went over and bought them and brought them back to the Manor where the first flour in that area was milled. (Parts of the machinery and the old stones, small ones eighteen inches in diameter, can be seen at the side of the highway opposite the Manor today.) Water rights on the creek were applied for and a licence was granted two years after the wheel was first in operation.

By 1862 the Cariboo Wagon Road between Yale and Barkerville was under construction and the Cornwall brothers, ever ready to seize opportunity, constructed one of the finest stopping houses on the road and named it Ashcroft after the family home in England. Although the building was later enlarged the original structure can readily be identified by the cut of the lumber used and the iron nails, the latter made in New Westminster and hauled from there.

A number of interesting relics tie the Manor House to the old days: a silver hunting horn, a pair of finely ballanced gold scales, family photographs and a thick record of court cases dealing with people in the area at that time; disputes over ownership of cattle, illegal sale of liquor to Indians and pleas for justice. The first courts of law were held in the Manor in 1867, with Clement Cornwall presiding, as he did for a number of years. Sometimes the brothers presided jointly; in later years Clement was appointed judge of the Cariboo County Court.

A bar was installed in what was called the long room, where a pot bellied iron stove gave warmth. It was a popular gathering place and, when race meets took place on the flats across the way in the late '80s and '90s people flocked in from vast distances and sometimes as much as $2,000 would change hands on a single day.

Construction of the Manor was in its final stage when Clement and Henry laid out plans for a second house which was to be a private residence. It was erected upon the site of the small cabin in which they had spent their first winter. In the late sixties Clement married Char-

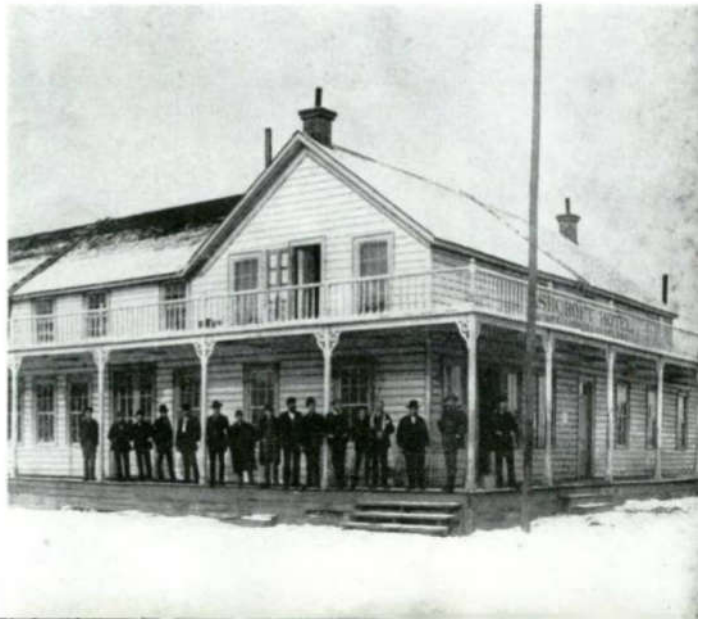


Ashcroft as it was about 1891 after the railway had come in *Vancouver City Archives*

lotte Pemberton from Victoria and a short time later Henry met Mary Eyre who had come out from Ireland to Pavilion. The courtship progressed in a satisfactory manner though the distance to be covered was twenty miles by horseback. The two families lived together in the private residence until children began to arrive and separate quarters became necessary. Henry and his family moved into part of the Manor House and took over the management and his wife became the first postmistress of the local post office. The two houses now became known as the Lower and Upper Houses and in the vernacular of the country The House of Commons and The House of Lords.

The Cornwalls developed a pattern for country living which combined many of the social activities remembered from their youth with the freedoms as well as the difficulties of the new raw land. Their conventions included afternoon teas promptly at four o'clock each day, and English tutors for their children. The women found relaxation from household tasks in riding and visiting. The men found incentive in the development of a settlement whose growth depended upon its leaders. Clement Francis Cornwall, a qualified barrister when he left England, did not allow his talents to vegetate. He became representative for Hope-Yale-Lytton in the first Legislative Assembly created in 1864. When British Columbia entered Confederation he was appointed to the Senate. From that time on he spent much time away from Ashcroft and Henry was left in charge of the estate. In 1881 Clement became lieutenant governor of the province and as a result the children of both families were familiar visitors at Government House in Victoria. Both brothers worked through the many agricultural and pioneer societies to develop and bring about prosperity for the people who had settled on the land.

A diary kept by Henry Cornwall through the winter of 1864 gives a picture of the times and depicts some of the struggles: " . . . Clem started from Lytton on his way to New Westminster to attend Legislative Crown Territories [Assembly] . . . A bitterly cold evening with high north wind . . . 4 below zero . . . slept in the new room which will be very comfortable . . . haul fire logs. Went down to the Thompson looking after the cows, appear to have crossed the crick . . . coyotes have, I fear, killed 8 or 9 of the mares . . . shot at one . . . H started to Lytton with a sick Chinaman and his chum . . . worried about Clem . . . Oregon Jack gave a squaw dance at which everybody

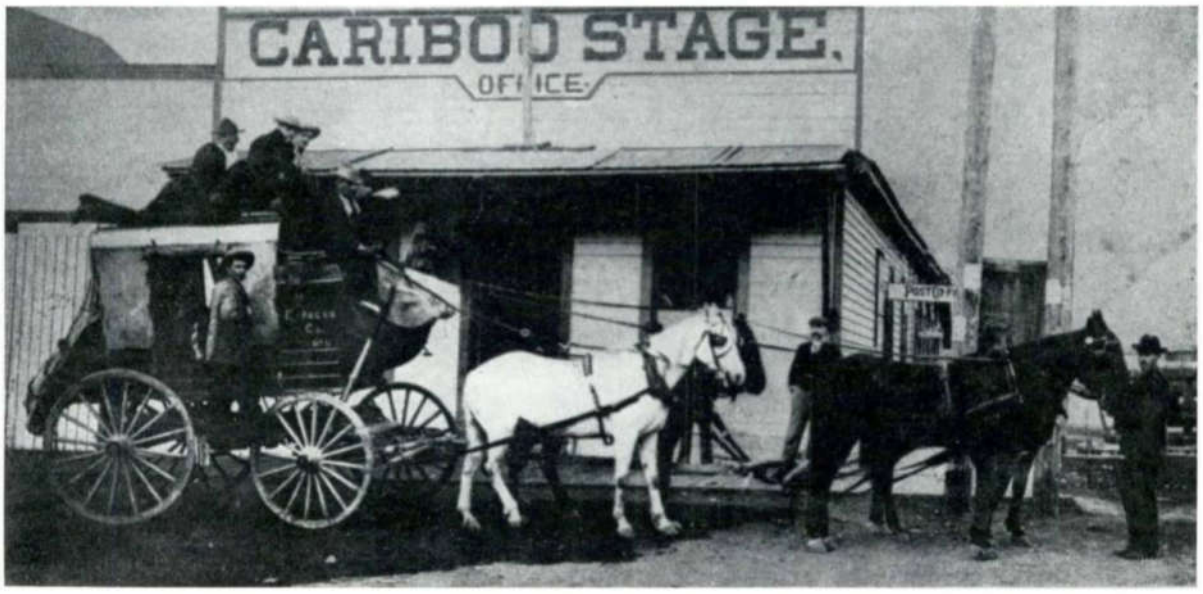


Patrons at the Ashcroft Hotel in the early '90s
Vancouver City Archives

got very drunk, I believe . . . I hear Clem is still at Yale on account of the river being frozen but that he was thinking of starting with an Indian . . . My horror was great this morning when on getting up I found 22 inches of snow on the ground . . . Packers are in a fright and in truth it is very bad. I would not mind so much if we get at the barley straw . . . killed a beast and hauled a log for fire . . . threshing . . . feasted in great style having really very good dinner with excellent pastry and eggs . . . Glad to hear Clem had been seen at Langley by the expressman . . . January 16, 1865—Getting a load ready to sleigh to the ferry to-morrow. 1,000 pounds barley, pork, 1,000 pounds swedes, 200 pounds potatoes. Mild day. Some of the horses have fallen off a good deal . . . miners much discontented about the gold tax . . . May 1st—putting in fruit trees. . . ."

the dry land with character and colour. In December 1868, strangers were startled as shouts of "View halloo" and "Tally-ho" rang out. Amazement mounted as fifteen or twenty mounted men were seen spurring their horses in the wake of a small pack of hounds, over grassy hills and rocky bluffs, through sagebrush and scrub, down ravines and out again. Preposterous as the idea seemed, the thousands of acres of cattle country made ideal fox hunting territory, or coyote hunting territory, as in actual fact it turned out to be.

Speed was needed to hunt the coyote. A coyote would run fifteen miles without a turn but could not keep up the pace in advance of imported hounds. The Cornwalls originally arranged to have two pairs of foxhounds shipped to the Manor from England but one hound died on the long journey round the Horn. This left three hounds at a total



Stage ready to leave Ashcroft which in the '80s succeeded Yale as headquarters for the Cariboo Road traffic
B. C. Archives

From the beginning the Cornwalls employed a number of people for the buildings, mills, agriculture, and stock; Indians worked the ranch and lived on that part of the land which later became a reserve. A small Anglican church, complete with steeple and eight hand hewn pews, was built of logs and used by the family. The church is in use today standing on land which is now Indian reserve, exchanged by the Cornwalls for Coyote Mountain.

The rolling hills, cactus and rock roses, dwarf maples, yellow goat's beard, dogbane and the scent of sage flooded

cost of sixty-five pounds sterling. Through natural increase and a later import of fresh bloodlines their numbers grew.

From *The Field* magazine, published in England and dated 1883, come the following excerpts submitted by a contributor from Ashcroft Manor, British Columbia: "Owing to the great dryness of the country it was necessary to wait till the middle of October before they could commence hunting. The welcome rain came, and till now, the middle of December they have enjoyed excellent

sport . . . In ten consecutive days hunting they accounted for 11 coyotes. A great performance . . . October 27 . . . hounds left kennels 9:45, six miles over grass-covered hills to a neighbour who had butchered a steer which would surely attract coyotes . . . Twenty minutes Somerset (dog) threw himself bulldog style onto the coyote . . . viewed second coyote . . . moved in search of him . . . bogs threw out several horsemen. . . ."

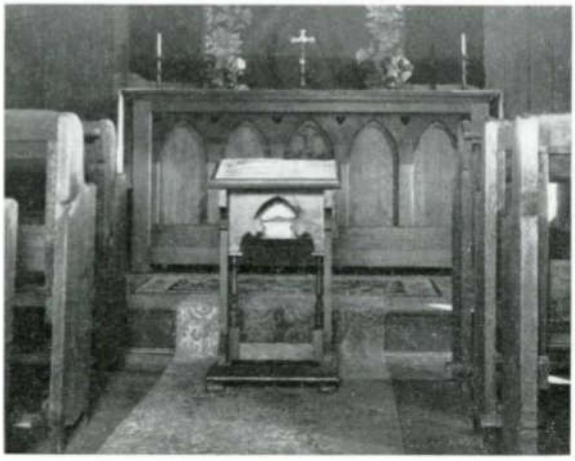
Typical local reaction of those in the neighbourhood not taking part in the hunt was: "Too much trouble and too much expense!" Clement Cornwall felt it served a useful purpose as well as recreation, saying: "One day's hunting will get you over three or four times as much land as ordinary stock riding." Anyway, in a land of no automobiles, no movies, and no radio the Fox Hunt continued for years until the cost of keeping the pack of hounds became impractical. At the height of its popularity a typical winter's week was described in *The Field* as: "Monday, spent in preparation and anticipation . . . Tuesday, waging war without its guilt and with only 20 per cent of its danger. Wednesday, recovery day and general rejoycing . . . Thursday, looking forward to the same sport on Friday. . . ."

Later reports describe the hunters in full regalia, pink coats, traditional caps, breeches and boots, ladies on side-saddles. Descendants of the families think these reports were exaggerated, that probably only the brothers wore pinks and it was not known whether the ladies ever rode to hounds, though they certainly rode and their side-saddles are still in the stables. Old Harry, the Huntsman, the Indian who was stationed at the gates, most likely sported some cast off garments, probably riding breeches and boots and perhaps a hunting hat so he would not break his neck.

The gates referred to opened on the Cariboo Wagon Road. When the road was first used the Cornwalls had a lot of trouble with ox-teams and other pack animals tethered along the way. The animals would get into their fields, so fences were put up along the road on both sides. Because of this the place was for a time called Post Hole Ranch by passing travellers. The coming of the railway, in the '80s, to Ashcroft Station (now Ashcroft) a later settlement at the junction of the Bonaparte and Thompson rivers, spelt the end of the importance of the Cariboo Wagon Road for many years.

When the Honourable Clement Francis Cornwall died in 1910 Henry, though younger, had preceded him by 18 years. The Cornwall property was broken up and became known as Cornwall Estates, run by a manager. The Manor, the original stopping house, on a few acres of ground, is still in the family. Nearby a consecrated cemetery marks the resting place of sixteen Cornwalls and their kin. It is estimated that 156 descendants of the two brothers are scattered throughout the country. ◆

Today Ashcroft Manor is still a stopping place for travellers



Hand hewn pews in the Cornwalls' small family church that is now used by the Indians

NORTHERN BOOKS

LOUIS RIEL

By George F. G. Stanley. 432 pages, illus. Ryerson, Toronto, $8.50

Reviewed by George Woodcock

For almost a century Louis Riel has remained one of the most controversial figures of Canadian history, a hero to the Métis, a martyr to most inhabitants of Quebec, and a justly punished villain to all true Ontario Orangemen. Even for those whose passions are no longer engaged in the events of the Red River Provisional Government and the North-West Rebellion, Riel remains an arresting figure—a man of great personal magnetism, of unusual intelligence, of disturbing intensity. His life had all the material of tragedy in the classic sense, for the flaws in his nature collaborated with the accidents of history to bring about a violent end. All these features of Riel and his story make it surprising that we should have had to wait so long for an adequate biography in English.

At last that biography has been written, by a writer who knows as much as any living man about Riel and the stage on which his tragedy was acted out. Already, in *The Birth of Western Canada*, George F. G. Stanley presented the definitive historian's account of the Riel Rebellions considered in their wider social and political aspects. Now, in *Louis Riel*, he tells the history of the man who led these pathetic resistance movements in the name of the vanishing Métis society and who virtually founded the province of Manitoba. In the process Dr Stanley has done what professional historians often find difficult; he has written a true biography in which the stage is always held by the man whom he is portraying, and in which the other actors and the historical background always support but never dominate the central figure.

Louis Riel presents the facts adequately; I know of no material essential to an understanding of the rebel leader that is omitted, yet Professor Stanley moves his copious facts into a skilful narrative that carries the reader's interest in its flow. His manner of presentation is appropriate to a subject that can still arouse bitter and heated feelings; it is unsensational, but humane and fair.

In biography one is perhaps concerned even more with what a man was than with what he did, and Riel was certainly one of the most complex and bewildering Canadian personalities. He was proud and irritable to a degree, somewhat self-righteous and humourless, and possessed of the kind of cunning one often meets among peasants; there is a temptation to compare him with that other leader of a stubbornly rebellious minority, Peter the Lordly Verigin. How far Riel was sincere has been disputed, yet only the most prejudiced reader will fail to be moved by the assessment that Dr Stanley has given in one of the many passages of compassionate reflection that stud his book.

"It is easy enough for a sceptic to question Riel's sincerity. It is much harder to prove that he was sincere. Yet sincerity rather than insincerity fits the pattern of his life. When the names of Emanuel Swedenborg or Joseph Smith are called to mind, who can seriously claim that Riel, the mystic, the man with the spiritual turn of mind, who had indulged in spiritual speculations from childhood, was not convinced of the reality of his spiritual visitations? It was this very conviction that made Riel so potent a force among the Métis. He really believed his destiny was to lead his people to a new and better world. . . . Deluded he may have been, but he was not a charlatan. He carried a cross and not a sword. But in the vision of his own inner faith, he was as much a saviour sent to end the ills of his people as the youthful King David or Jeanne d'Arc."

This passage immediately suggests the other question that comes to one's mind on reading any account of Riel's career. Was he mad? The facts Dr Stanley presents leave little doubt that at one period Riel suffered a mental breakdown which pushed him beyond the normal limits of sanity. Later he claimed, and his Métis followers believed, that he was merely feigning madness, but such an elaborate and pointless pretence—even if it happened—would in itself be a sign of a strangely warped intelligence. As for the period following Riel's release from the Beauport asylum in 1878, it is doubtful whether we can regard him as having remained mad in any clinical sense. He suffered from visions which ordinary men might regard as hallucinations, but that merely places him in the same class as poets like Blake and Shelley, who experienced similar manifestations, while the peculiar antics of the last days at Batoche, when he set about creating a new religion while General Middleton's forces were advancing for the kill, finds its parallel among the dissenting sects of seventeenth century England. A study of the career of George Fox or of the Anabaptists in

Germany suggests that Riel's heretical notions fall into the category of eccentricity rather than madness. As they are presented by Dr Stanley, the facts suggest that both Riel and his jury were right in rejecting a plea of insanity at his trial—that his condition was indeed one of exaltation rather than of madness.

That Riel possessed the talents which in other circumstances might have made him one of the great figures of Canadian history rather than one of its most tragic casualties there seems little doubt. But the stage he acted on was small, and the cause he embraced was from the beginning a forlorn hope; the old free life of the prairie Métis could not for long defy the encroaching forces of change. Failure was inevitable, and "one unfortunate error of judgment," as Dr Stanley describes the execution of Thomas Scott, turned failure into fatality. There was a grim double irony here. Riel refused to show mercy to the turbulent Scott, and in the end himself died for that refusal more than for his rebellion in the North-West. But Sir John A. Macdonald fell into exactly the same error with Riel; he ignored the jury's plea for mercy, the arguments of his own French Canadian colleagues, the advice of unattached men like the RCMP surgeon Dr Jukes, and stubbornly insisted on executing Riel. The political consequences disturbed Canada for a whole generation, and showed, as surely as Riel's execution of Scott had done, that men killed for political reasons fight beyond the bitter end.

Wisely, though Dr Stanley tells amply of the disputes that raged around Riel in his last days and ensured his death, he does not go beyond the day of Riel's burial. In this restraint he is true to the biographer's craft. The story of Riel ended when he faced his death with dignity in Regina jail. What followed was the story of the myth of Riel. Dr Stanley's book does much to inform us on the difference between that myth and the reality which was Louis Riel.

In the Department of English at the University of British Columbia, George Woodcock is also the author of numerous publications and editor of "Canadian Literature."

WEST OF THE MOUNTAINS—James Sinclair and the Hudson's Bay Company

By D. Geneva Lent. xiv, 334 pages, illus. University of Washington Press, Seattle. $6.75

Reviewed by Irene M. Spry

The remarkable career of James Sinclair has suffered an equally remarkable neglect. A book about his life and work is therefore most welcome. Born at Oxford House, probably in 1806, the son of an Orkneyman, Chief Factor William Sinclair, and a half Cree mother, he was educated in Scotland, returning in 1826, a graduate of Edinburgh University, to his native land as an apprentice with the Hudson's Bay Company. When his contract expired he settled in Red River. There he became a partner of Andrew McDermot, the outstanding private merchant of the little settlement.

Successful trading and freighting ventures took Sinclair far afield. On his journeys he mastered the techniques of boat travel to York Factory and plains travel by dog train in winter and cart train in summer. At first the Company tolerated the partners' trading activities, giving them freight contracts and using them as a counter to competition from traders south of the border, who were becoming even more threatening as the American frontier moved westward towards Red River. When in 1844 Norman Kittson established a trading post at Pembina, just south of the border, growing alarm flared into a bitter quarrel between the Company and McDermot and Sinclair, who were accused of selling furs to American buyers and encouraging them to settle near the border. Sinclair emerged as the leader of his compatriots, the indigenous people of mixed French or Scots and Indian blood, in a struggle to establish the right they claimed to free trade despite the Company's monopoly. It was Sinclair who carried petitions from the Métis and Scots half-breeds to England in 1846 and enlisted A. K. Isbister's help—as well as winning from the Company personal compensation due for freighting. It was Sinclair, holding back the excited crowds from violence by his calm commonsense, who represented the Métis in the Sayer trial of 1849 which established freedom of trade. Sinclair made attempts to develop new enterprises and new exports, notably of tallow, the product of the great buffalo hunts, and encouraged the incipient overland freighting to St. Peters on the Mississippi which freed Red River from exclusive dependence for communication with the outside world on the Company's Hudson Bay route. Perhaps most notable of all his many enterprises were his great journeys to the Columbia country. In 1841 and again in 1854 he led cavalcades of emigrants with their families and cattle from Red River across the

Sinclair Canyon on Banff-Windermere road

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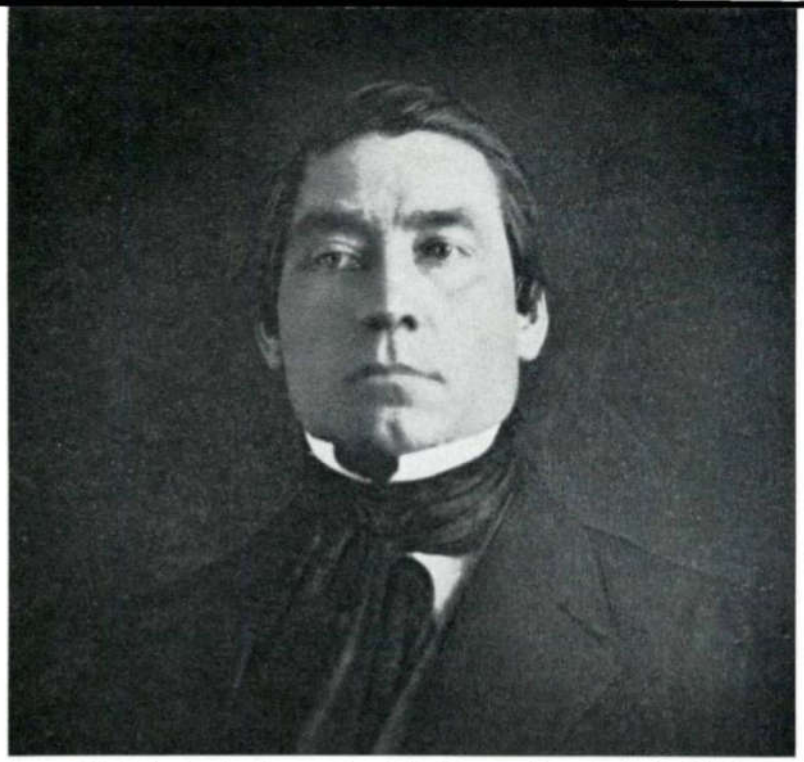

James Sinclair who is also mentioned in "Routes through the Rockies"

plains and through the mountains to new homes, pioneering overland routes south of the fur traders' traditional water route by the North Saskatchewan River and Athabasca Pass.

Sinclair's death at the Cascades on the Columbia in 1856 in the American-Indian War cut short the adventurous life which is the theme of Miss Lent's story. It is a rattling good story. Unfortunately it is not clear how much of it is based on solid evidence and how much on inference. Hard work has obviously gone into the collection of a wide variety of information from a diversity of sources and there is an impressive array of references. In spite of this, very oddly, no direct evidence is given in support of many crucial sections of the book. What, for example, is the basis of the long and detailed account of the journey of 1841? And of the intimate description of Sinclair's stay with Isbister in 1846-7? And what evidence is there that it was Sinclair who organized the defence of Bradford's store in the battle of the Cascades? Even when evidence is adduced it is frequently inaccurately quoted and interpretations are placed on it for which it does not seem to give any sufficient basis. Some of the mistakes are no more than paraphrases but some cause a significant change in meaning. One example must serve: With reference to the controversy as to whether Rundle was the first white man to reach the site of Banff (Ch. 6, n. 10, p. 299), J. N. Wallace is quoted as follows: "If the claim rests on that date, it cannot be sustained that Simpson would appear to have been there before him." Wallace's actual words were: "If the claim rests on that date, it cannot be sustained, as Simpson was there before him." There are a number of puzzling inconsistencies. Some controversial conclusions are not explained, while discordant evidence is not always sorted out, for example Palliser's account of his discussion in 1848 with Sinclair about possible passes through the Rockies is not reconciled with the statement (p. 247) that "the Cree guide had persuaded Sinclair he could lead them over another still untraveled pass across the Rockies to the Oregon."

In spite of such discrepancies and the pervasive looseness of documentation, Miss Lent gives a fascinating and vivid picture of Sinclair's life, though, much as she admires him, she does him less than justice in suggesting that he was banished "west of the mountains" by Sir George Simpson. In fact, Sinclair, starting his career with virtually no assets but his native wit and education, matched himself successfully and profitably against the great Company and its redoubtable Governor-in-Chief whose evident respect he earned. Sinclair, it is true, went on his last journey of 1854 as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company to attempt to repair its failing fortunes on the upper Columbia, but he went because he wished to go, to establish, by agreement with Simpson, his own trans-montane enterprises. His untimely death cut short the career, not of a victim of Simpson's resentment, but of an esteemed colleague. It was a career of considerable significance in preparing the way for the transformation of the mid-nineteenth century fur trading wilderness west of the Great Lakes into an important part of modern Canada.

A great deal of research on James Sinclair has been done by Mrs Spry in the H B C Archives and other sources in the course of a study of the Rocky Mountain passes.

FISHES OF ONTARIO

By H. H. MacKay. 300 pages illus. Ontario Department of Lands and Forests, Toronto, $2.50

MA-KEE: the life and death of a muskellunge

By David J. Reddick. 206 pages, illus. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $5.50

Reviewed by K. H. Doan

These two books make a fine dish of sweet and sour for fish gourmets. Dr MacKay, biologist and fish culturist, writes with the authority derived from a lifetime of professional familiarity with Ontario fishes. Broad generalizations about fish distribution and details of intimate habits are all presented with the modest restraint characteristic of the scientist when writing for the non-specialist. A wealth of information has been reviewed, and thus becomes available to a person of broad interests and limited time. Every statement of fact has a supporting basis, and these are covered fully in a generous bibliography. Eight pages of index make *Fishes of Ontario* very useful as a ready source of information. A review of attempts to establish Pacific salmon in northern watersheds is of particular interest. All Ontario species have not been discussed because many of them are obscure, such as the myriads of minnows, but all the common fishes and those of importance to sportsmen and commercial fishermen have been presented. The coloured plates are from paintings by E. B. S. Logier; they look much better in the Department's wall chart where an overall greenish cast is less pronounced. Record weights might have been brought more up to date. If a reference book to the fishes of the region is needed, this will be it for many years to come.

When an amateur naturalist also attempts to be an amateur writer the results can be most frustrating. Mr Reddick's long interest in hunting and fishing, and a special desire to aid in the conservation of the muskellunge, have produced *Ma-Kee*. The results are somewhat grotesque and may produce revulsive shivers, even though the objective is highly commendable. If this story of the life and death of a great fish can be regarded as a fairy tale, or a novel if you will, then the reader may be able to gloss over its manifold inconsistencies and not quibble about facts. The author's flights of fancy language appear stilted, as "But hold: what odd happening is this?" Shakespeare did it better. There is plenty of action, if you can believe it; the spearing of spawning fish which is as distasteful as the shooting of Bambi's mother, a battle between the musky and a mink, the big fish killed a deer, scarred a man's face for life, caused the death of a poacher, and dumped a canoe bearing two people and a load of rice. Perhaps this fish story would taste better with more salt. Then the reader might not mind the confusing changes of tense, and the feeble humour at the expense of the tourist. The climax comes in the eventual catching of the monster, for whom little sympathy remains by this time, by a boy with his first fishing rod. The musky's weight is stated to be seventy-eight pounds, and if naivity has contributed to enjoyment of this pot-pourri the reader will not need any dessert.

Dr Doan is Chief Fisheries Biologist for the Province of Manitoba

EDMONTON TRADER

By James G. MacGregor. 262 pages, illus. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, $6.50

Reviewed by R. C. Russell

This is the story of John Alexander McDougall, one of the early traders and financiers of Edmonton. He was born at Oakwood in Victoria County, Ontario, in 1854. His father died when John was thirteen and thereafter he had to work for a living. However, he largely made up for his lack of schooling by extensive reading and by his keen interest in people and current events.

For several years John McDougall served as a store clerk in various nearby towns, including Woodville and Cannington. At the latter place he made the acquaintance of Lovisa Amey who became his wife some years later. John was ambitious to start some business enterprise of his own but he realized that this was a difficult thing for one in his position to do.

At the age of nineteen John gave up his position at Cannington and went out to Winnipeg, arriving there in July 1873. He remained there for two years and during that period worked at various odd jobs, studied at Kildonan College one winter, tried his hand at running a grocery store in partnership with a young man by the name of Steinhoff, and finally sold his interest in the store and entered the fur trade as an independent trader.

John McDougall's first venture as a trader was a trip over the Carlton Trail to an Indian camp west of Fort Carlton. He had two cartloads of goods which he exchanged to good advantage and then returned to Winnipeg. Early in October of the same year he set out for Prince Albert, in company with two other traders, with more merchandise. This proved to be a long hard journey. They encountered heavy snow and cold weather during the second half of the trip and had to turn their carts into sleds. Finally they arrived at Prince Albert on Christmas Eve.

Four years were spent travelling from place to place, sometimes attending large gatherings of Indians where treaty payments were being made, sometimes visiting various groups on their hunting grounds. In the winter of 1876-77 Victoria Mission was his headquarters and he made trips out into the wooded areas north of that place. In the meantime he courted Lovisa by correspondence. John terminated this period by returning to Ontario and marrying Lovisa in March 1878.

In the summer of 1878 John and Lovisa travelled together on his trading trips and returned to Winnipeg for the winter. The next spring they went to Edmonton, and thereafter made Edmonton their home.

In subsequent years John A. McDougall built and managed several large stores, at different periods, but he also invested in other lines of business. These included speculating in city property and farm lands, fur trading, and outfitting parties of traders, trappers and miners, especially during the gold rush to the Klondike.

Edmonton Trader is a very readable book, illustrated by early photographs and with useful maps (a minor error shows Fort Ellice north instead of south of the mouth of Qu'Appelle River). It gives the story of a highly successful pioneer in the business life of Western Canada, against an authentic background of the events and conditions of his time. We need more books of this type.

R. C. Russell's avocation is history of the Canadian west, particularly the area traversed by the Carlton Trail about which he has published a book.

Reprinted

EXPEDITIONS TO THE CANADIAN ARCTIC

By P. D. Baird

This 16-page pamphlet lists sea and land expeditions from earliest times to 1918, naming leaders, vessels, objectives and results, and publications describing each of the expeditions.

Available for 35 cents from
The Beaver, Hudson's Bay House
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba

MUTINY IN THE BAY

By Richard S. Lambert. Macmillan of Canada, Toronto. 1963. 160 pages, illus. $2.50

The dramatic and tragic story of Henry Hudson's last voyage of 1610-11 is well retold by R. S. Lambert. His book is based on the journal of Abacuk Prickett (here Habakuk Pritchett) who was not beyond suspicion in the abandonment of Hudson but whose notes provide details of the voyage of the *Discovery* not otherwise available.

There is nothing here about Hudson's other notable voyages but when those who should know better ask about the Dutch "Heinrich Hudson" who discovered Manhattan, it is well to bring to the attention of the young this English explorer. He achieved much in extending knowledge of the arctic, in search of northeast and northwest passages, though probably his vacillation and partiality cost him his life in the bay that bears his name.

This gripping story should appeal to the adventuresome young reader. It is a pity that nowhere in the book is Robert Billet, who brought Hudson's ship home, identified as the more familiar Robert Bylot of subsequent arctic exploration.—*M.B.*

CANADIAN ARCTIC REGIONS
Scale in Miles
0 100 200 300 400 500
ARCTIC OCEAN
BEAUFORT SEA
APPROXIMATE LIMIT OF PERMANENT POLAR ICE
ALASKA
YUKON TERRITORY
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
DISTRICT OF MACKENZIE
DISTRICT OF KEEWATIN
DISTRICT OF FRANKLIN
BRITISH COLUMBIA
ALBERTA
SASKATCHEWAN
MANITOBA
ONTARIO
QUEBEC
NEWFOUNDLAND (LABRADOR)
GREENLAND (DENMARK)
ELLESMERE I.
AXEL HEIBERG ISLAND
SVERDRUP ISLANDS
PRINCE PATRICK I.
PARRY ISLANDS
MELVILLE ISLAND
BANKS ISLAND
VICTORIA ISLAND
PRINCE OF WALES I.
SOMERSET I.
BOOTHIA PEN.
BORDEN PEN.
BRODEUR PEN.
DEVON ISLAND
COBURG ISLAND
BAFFIN ISLAND
SOUTHAMPTON ISLAND
MELVILLE PEN.
FOXE PEN.
FOXE BASIN
FOXE CHAN.
HUDSON STRAIT
UNGAVA BAY
HUDSON BAY
DAVIS STRAIT
BAFFIN BAY
KANE BASIN
LANCASTER SOUND
VISCOUNT MELVILLE SOUND
M'CLURE STRAIT
AMUNDSEN GULF
CORONATION GULF
QUEEN MAUD GULF
GULF OF BOOTHIA
ARCTIC CIRCLE
MACKENZIE RIVER
GREAT BEAR L.
GREAT SLAVE L.
GREAT TREES
Inuvik
Aklavik
Tuktoyaktuk
Mackenzie
Richards I.
Porcupine R.
Dawson
Mayo Landing
Keno Hill
Norman Wells
Fort Norman
Fort Good Hope
Arctic Red River
Fort McPherson
Peel R.
Rampart House
Stanton
Holman Island
Prince Albert Sd
Victoria I.
Cambridge Bay
Read Island
Coppermine
Fort Franklin
Port Radium
Perry River
Bathurst Inlet
Chantrey Inlet
Spence Bay
King William I.
Gjoa Haven
Pelly Bay
Repulse Bay
Wager Bay
Back R.
Thelon R.
Baker Lake
Chesterfield Inlet
Rankin Inlet
Tavani
Padlei
Ferguson Lake
Kasba L.
Ennadai
Maguse River
Eskimo Point
Coral Harbour
Coats I.
Mansel I.
Cape Dorset
Salisbury I.
Nottingham Island
Frobisher Bay
Lake Harbour
Lake Harbour
Resolution I.
Lake Harbour
Wolstenholme
Ivugivik
Sugluk
Wakeham Bay
Payne Bay
Kuujjuaq
Port Burwell
George River
Hebron
Nutak
Cape Smith
Povungnituk
Ottawa Is.
Port Harrison
Fort Chimo
Fort McKenzie
L. Minto
Leaf R.
Churchill
Caribou
Wollaston L.
Stony Rapids
Fond du Lac
Uranium City
Goldfields
Camsell Por.
Fort Smith
Fort Fitzgerald
Fort Resolution
Fort Providence
Fort Simpson
Fort Liard
Fort Nelson
Watson Lake
Lower Post
Dease Lake
Ware
Finlay Forks
Hudson Hope
Fort St. John
Peace R.
Fort Vermilion
Vermilion Chutes
Carcajou
Upper Hay River
Hay River
Hay Lake
Meighen I.
Borden I.
Brock I.
Mackenzie King I.
Lougheed I.
King Christian
Cornwall I.
Amund Ringnes I.
Ellef Ringnes I.
Isachsen
Eureka
Alert
Hazen L.
C. Stallworthy
Nansen Sd.
Smith Sd.
Thule
Melville Bay
Craig Harbour
Jones Sound
Grise Fd.
Bathurst Island
Byam Martin
Cornwallis I.
Resolution I.
Dundas Harbour
Stefansson I.
Hecla B.
Prince Regent Inlet
Bylot Island
Pond Inlet
Arctic Bay
Clyde
Dyer B.
Home B.
Pangnirtung
Cumberland Sd
Nettilling L.
Padloping Island
Godthaab
Disko
Disko B.
Prince Charles I.
Walrus I.
Melville Pen.
Franklin Str.
Victoria Str.
Dease Str.
Evans Str.
Fisher Str.
Ross Welcome Sd.
Prince of Wales Str.
Barrow Str.
Dolphin and Union Str.
Queen Maud Gulf
Kent Peninsula
Boothia Pen.
Thom Bay
Gulf of Boothia
Somerset I.
Prince of Wales I.
Bathurst I.
Cape Dorset
Foxe Pen.
Foxe Basin
Foxe Chan.
Hudson Strait
Ungava Bay
Baffin Bay
Davis Strait
Arctic Circle
Mackenzie R.
Great Bear L.
Great Slave L.
Great Trees
Lac La Martre
Thompson Landing
Rae
Yellowknife
Fort Reliance
Snowdrift
Rocher River
Rat River
Fort Resolution
Fort Providence
Fort Simpson
Fort Liard
Fort Nelson
Watson Lake
Lower Post
Dease Lake
Ware
Finlay Forks
Hudson Hope
Fort St. John
Peace R.
Fort Vermilion
Vermilion Chutes
Carcajou
Upper Hay River
Hay River
Hay Lake
Fort Fitzgerald
Fort Smith
Camsell Por.
Uranium City
Goldfields
Fond du Lac
Stony Rapids
Fort Chipewyan
Wollaston L.
Caribou
Churchill
Kasba L.
Nueltin L.
Ennadai
Padlei
Tavani
Rankin Inlet
Chesterfield Inlet
Baker Lake
Back R.
Thelon R.
Dubawnt Lake
Wager Bay
Repulse Bay
Chantrey Inlet
Spence Bay
Gjoa Haven
Pelly Bay
Perry River
Bathurst Inlet
Port Radium
Fort Franklin
Fort Norman
Norman Wells
Canol
Fort Good Hope
Arctic Red River
Fort McPherson
Rampart House
Stanton
Holman Island
Prince Albert Sd
Victoria I.
Cambridge Bay
Read Island
Coppermine
Coronation Gulf

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